

Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Fort William Public Library



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

ANACREON.

*One thousand Copies printed for England
and America.*

No. 825.



LGr
A532B4
·Es

ANACREON: WITH THOMAS
STANLEY'S TRANSLATION. EDITED
BY A. H. BULLEN. ILLUSTRATED
BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

29
5
11
10
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28

LONDON:
LAWRENCE & BULLEN
16 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
MDCCXCIII.

LONDON :
HENDERSON & SPALDING, LIMITED, GENERAL PRINTERS,
3 AND 5, MARYLEBONE LANE, W.

INTRODUCTION.

HENRI ESTIENNE in 1554 published in Paris a small quarto (in the beautiful Greek type modelled on the handwriting of Angelus Vergetius of Candia, and cut by Claude Garamond), entitled *'Ανακρέοντος Τη̄ον μέλη. Anacreontis Teii oda. Ab Henrico Stephano luce & Latinitate nunc primum donata. Lutetiae. Apud Henricum Stephanum. MDLIII. Ex Privilegio Regis.* In the Greek preface Estienne is jubilant over the recovery of the lost poet. He quotes with gusto the verse of Archilochus *Χρημάτων ἀελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν οὐδ' ἀπώμοτον.* It was supposed that Anacreon had been irrevocably doomed; and now, breaking the adamantine fetters that had held him so long, *ἀποσφάξας δὲ τὸν μυριωπὸν φύλακας ὑφ' ὦν καθείργετο*, he had emerged from captivity. Cold critics may sneer at Estienne's enthusiasm; but the publication of the *editio princeps* of the *Anacreonta* was not the least of the many services rendered to letters by the devoted

scholar-printer. Following the example of Ronsard, let us fill a bowl, and drink it up, to his memory:—

“Je vay boire à Henry Estienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu
Du vieil Anacréon perdu
La douce lyre teïenne.”

Ronsard had seen the poems in MS. before publication. In the 1553 edition of his *Amours*, p. 6, is a sonnet beginning “Ces liens d’or, cette bouche vermeille,” which was inspired by the Anacreontic Σὺ μὲν φίλη χελιδόν. Muretus, in his annotations to this sonnet, writes—“La fiction de ce Sonet, comme l’auteur mesme m’a dit, est prise d’une Ode d’Anacréon encore non imprimée.” Later, in the fifth book of his *Odes*, Ronsard gave a free rendering of the entire poem; and at various times he turned nearly a score of the *Anacreonta* into French verse. The influence exercised on the poets of the Pleiad school by Estienne’s discovery was indeed considerable. In 1555 Remi Belleau published a (nearly) complete translation, graceful and faithful. Olivier de Magny and Baif rendered various odes with more or less deftness. In France the *Anacreonta* still keep their popularity. One of the most delightful French poets

of our own time, Leconte de Lisle, has presented us (in *Poèmes Antiques*) with a group of charming Anacreontic translations.

The first English poet who sought inspiration from the *Anacreonta* was Robert Greene, who in *Orpharion* (1589) has an excellent rendering—"Cupid abroad was late in the night"—of Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥπαις. Appended to Spenser's *Amoretti* (1595) is a copy of verses, "Upon a day as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring," suggested by the Ode on Cupid stung by the Bee. Then came that mysterious poet "A. W.," whose contributions to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) include a translation of the first three Odes.¹ In Bateson's *Second Book of Madrigals* (1618) the conceit of Cupid and the Bee is very pleasantly handled. Robert Herrick was saturated with the *Anacreonta*: of some Odes he has fairly literal translations, others he paraphrased, others supplied him with hints and suggestions. In 1651 Thomas Stanley published a (nearly) complete translation of the Odes; and this translation has been reprinted in the present volume. Stanley (born about 1625), a son of Sir Thomas Stanley of Leightonstone, Essex, and Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, Kt., was a refined scholar, and a man

¹ "A. W." 's translations of these three Odes were extant as early as 1596. See my edition of the *Rhapsody*.

of letters to the finger-tips. His early studies were directed by Thomas Fairfax, son of the translator of Tasso. At the age of thirteen, he became a gentleman commoner of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; he graduated at his own university, and was incorporated M.A. at Oxford; he went on his travels, and returned—in the midst of the strife of Civil War—to the seclusion of the Middle Temple,¹ where he passed his time in preparing an edition of Æschylus, which is yet esteemed for the multifarious learning displayed in the notes, in composing amatory verses which were set to music by John Gamble, in writing a History of Philosophy after the manner of Diogenes Laertius, and in translating the *Anacreon tea*.² He died at his

¹ At an early age Stanley married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower, in Northamptonshire, Bart. The writer of the *Life* before the 1743 edition of the *History of Philosophy* remarks:—"This Alteration in his State and Condition of Life did not in the least change his Temper and Disposition, or abate his Affection to Learning, which was no less vigorous now than before. Neither the Cares nor Concerns for his Family, nor the Caresses and Endearments of a Young Wife could prevail with him to intermit his ordinary studies on which he was obstinately bent." Stanley left several volumes of MS. notes on the classics. The author of *A Short Account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity and Justice to those Authors who have written before him*, 1699, accuses Bentley of having used Stanley's notes on Callimachus without acknowledgment.

² Not only was Stanley a good classical scholar, but he had an excellent knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian poets.

lodgings in Suffolk Street, on 12th April, 1678. In the rendering of particular Odes Stanley has been excelled by “A. W.” and Cowley; but, regarded as a whole, his translation is a very agreeable and very satisfactory piece of work.

Cowley’s paraphrases are in his happiest vein. It cannot be said that his numbers had always a limpid flow; few poets indeed have been more crabbed and tortuous. But in these Anacreontics he sings with “full-throated ease”; dallying playfully with his subject, adding idle verse to idle verse, losing himself in a maze of delicious reverie. Very diffuse is the rendering (“Underneath this myrtle shade”) of Ἐπὶ μυρτίῳ τρέπειν, but who would grow weary of crooning it over? In the Oxford *variorum* translation (1683) Cowley’s renderings are conspicuously the best. Gladly would we exchange reams of his Pindarics for one such Anacreontic as “The Grasshopper”!

Rochester, in “The Cup,” successfully reproduced the spirit of Τὸν ἀργυρὸν τοπεῖν (p. 42); Matthew Prior’s “Cupid turned Stroller” is among the best of the many versions of Μεσονυκτόις ποθεῖν; and a word of qualified praise may be given to the attempts of Oldmixon and Ambrose Philips. In the eighteenth century the translations of John Addison, Thomas Fawkes, &c., were highly esteemed, but it must be

confessed that they are dull, uninspired, mechanical performances. Nor can I find much to admire in Thomas Moore's flashy renderings, which passed through so many editions in the early years of the present century and still enjoy a certain measure of popular favour. In 1800, when the first edition appeared, there was little poetry in the air, and Moore was very young. Had he taken the task in hand a few years later, he would have done more justice to the original and to himself; but he could never have rivalled Stanley's finished elegance. The introductory essay and the copious footnotes are the most attractive part of Moore's book. Byron's youthful essays in *Hours of Idleness* call for no comment. Since the days of Byron and Moore, our English poets—poets in a genuine sense, not mere versifiers—have left Anacreon severely alone.

Fluttering from end to end of Europe, the airy *Anacreon tea* have learned the languages of Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Poland, Russia. Among the many poets who have translated the charming Ode to the Grasshopper the most famous was Goethe.

It must be frankly conceded that, in spite of the wide popularity they have won, the *Anacreon tea* are not of the first order of poetry. The best pieces—

Love's Night Walk, Cupid and the Bee, The Grasshopper, &c.—are happily inspired and trip gracefully; but many are of mediocre merit, and some (late compositions of frigid grammarians) are inept and futile. No sensible critic is likely to endorse credulous Joshua Barnes' judgment—that all antiquity has produced nothing finer than Τὸ δόδον τὸ τῶν Ἐρωτῶν (p. 12).

Scholars are, of course, agreed to-day that the *Anacreontea* are not the work of the genuine Anacreon. Even at the time of their original publication the general chorus of praise was disturbed by some dissentient voices. Robortello¹ in 1557 (*De Ratione Corrig.*) roundly asserted that the whole collection was a fraud. But his animus against Estienne carried him too far. Some of the poems are probably as late as the eight or the ninth century of the Christian era; but there are no modern fabrications.

The manner in which Estienne issued the collection excited suspicion. To his edition of Dionysius Halicarnassensis Πρὸς Γνῶν Πομπῆον ἐπιστολὴ, 1554, he prefixed a letter to Piero Vettori, wherein he

¹ “Primus quidem exstitit Robortellus, vir vere criticus, qui in libro de ratione corrig. p. 26 ed. Patav. 1557 ubi Stephani incuriam in manuscriptis tractandis vituperat, hæc omnia carmina nihil nisi insulso quosdam posterioris ævi lusus esse professus est.”—STARK, *Quæstiones Anacreonticæ* (1846).

made the following announcement of his forthcoming Anacreon:—"Hæc igitur, mi Victori, nunc accipe, dum me ad Anacreontis Teii editionem comparo: cuius tu quidem certe poesin una ex oda, vel potius ex odario uno, quod a me acceperas (ut ille olim ex ungue leonem) æstimasti: quantum vero ea in re judicio valueris tum demum facile intelliges quum corpus totum protulero. Proferam autem, ut spero, propediem: et jam protulisse nisi me vana spes tenuisset fore ut ad duo ejus exemplaria, quæ diversis in locis non sine immenso labore invenire mihi contigit, tertium accederet. Nam ex duobus his alterum in membranis, alterum in cortice arboris scriptum erat: illud confusum et alicubi non satis emendatum: hoc adeo antiquum ut in singulis verbis litera aliqua oculos fugeret, ut taceam adeo diversam fuisse elementorum formam a nostris ut prius an posset legi cogitandum fuerit quam an posset intelligi. Nec tamen interim sum passus in meis manibus ut sine luce ita sine fructu tanto tempore versari; ex uno enim Anacreonte tres feci: ut jam non Græcus tantum sed Latinus etiam et Gallicus proditurus sit hic poeta: idque eo feci ut etiam a linguæ Græcæ rudibus aliquam gratiam inirem." The MS. "in cortice arboris scriptum" is generally regarded as mythical. But the parchment MS., which Estienne

carefully concealed from the scholars of his age, now reposes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The strange eventful history of this MS. is carefully traced in the preface to Valentin Rose's edition of the *Anacreontea* (ed. 2, Lipsiæ, 1876). It was originally bound up with the famous *Anthologia Palatina*. The complete volume, which belongs to the eleventh century, contained 709 pages; the *Anthologia* extending over pp. 1-614, and the *Anacreontea*¹ (Ανακρέοντος Τηῶν συμποσιακὰ ἡμιάμβια) filling pp. 675-690. This invaluable volume had been purchased about the middle of the sixteenth century by an Englishman travelling in Italy, John Clement,² a *protégé* of Sir Thomas More. Estienne appears to have had the loan of the MS. from Clement, who died in 1572. Subsequently the volume was bought for the Palatine library at Heidelberg, where it was examined in 1607 by the young Salmasius. At the capture of Heidelberg by the Archduke Maximilian of Bavaria in 1623, it was carried by Leo Allatius with other precious MSS.—all stripped of their bindings—to the Vatican, as a present to Pope Gregory XV. When the volume

¹ In 1781 the Abbé Spalletti printed a fac-simile of the MS. *Anacreontea*.

² An account of John Clement is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

was rebound it was divided into two parts,—the *Anthologia* (pp. 1-614) being bound as one volume, and pp. 615-709 forming another. The two volumes were among the treasures taken to Paris in 1797 by the French Directory. In 1816 the *Anthologia Palatina* was restored to Heidelberg; but the smaller volume (pp. 615-709), escaping observation, remained at Paris. A romantic history! Some of the choicest flowers of the Greek epigrammatists are preserved in pp. 1-614. When one considers what perilous risks they have run, *coit formidine sanguis*.

C. B. Stark, whose *Quæstiones Anacreonticæ* is the chief authority on everything that relates to Anacreon, quotes with approval the dictum of Hermann:—"Paucissima videntur Anacreontis esse, pleraque multo recentiorum, quædam etiam plane imperitorum hominum sunt." But it would be difficult to select from the *Anacreontea* a single poem that can be satisfactorily assigned to the true Anacreon. Bergk in dealing with the pseudo-Anacreon is needlessly severe; his tone is too impatient and contemptuous. But it is not surprising that the editor of the peerless lyrists of the great age of Greek poetry spurned the pretty delicacies of the *Anacreontea*. "De originibus

horum carminum," he writes, "accurate et docte disputavit C. B. Stark: neque tamen, quod ille existimat, germanum ullum Anacreontis carmen in his inest, sed recentioris originis sunt omnia, diversis illa quidem ætatibus composita et temporis decursu identidem immutata." Doubtless Bergk was absolutely right. For my own part I would go a step further, and would say that one or two pieces attributed by Bergk to the true Anacreon should be relegated to the *Anacreontea*.

To what approximate date the earliest poems in the *Anacreontea* should be ascribed no scholar has definitely determined. It is a difficult inquiry; but a few may possibly be assigned to the third century B.C.

The pseudo-Anacreontic poems were sometimes accepted as genuine by ancient critics who ought to have known better. Aulus Gellius (*Noct. Att.* xix. 9) quotes Τὸν ἀργυρὸν τοπεῖων, with a somewhat different text. It is inferior to many pieces in the *Anacreontea*; but Gellius could not have been more enthusiastic about it if it had been one of the best poems of the true Anacreon. He introduces it thus. A young man, of culture and position, gives a banquet; and among the guests is a rhetorician Antonius Julianus, who is reputed to be well versed

in all polite literature. The host had a pretty taste for music, and after the banquet Julianus suggests that the players and singers should be brought in; whereupon “posteaquam introducti pueri puellæque sunt, jucundum in modum Ἀνακρεόντεια pleraque et Sapphica et poetarum quoque recentium idyllia quædam Ἐρωτικὰ dulcia et venusta cecinerunt.” All the guests were charmed with the songs; but Gellius assures us that the verses which specially delighted them were the “versiculi lepidissimi Anacreontis senis” printed on p. 42. Some Greeks who were present triumphantly asked Julianus “quid de Anacreonte cæterisque id genus poetis sentiret?” What Latin poets had written so melodiously? “Nisi Catullus, inquiunt, forte pauca et Calvus itidem pauca.” In reply the rhetorician bored the company with an encomium on some musty old Latin poets—Valerius *Æ*ditus, Porcius Licinius, and Quintus Catulus.

How the hemiambics came to be the generally adopted metre for the *Anacreontea* is not clear. Lightly handled, for amatory and bacchanalian songs, the measure is attractive; but I cannot discover that it was a favourite with the true Anacreon. In the fourth and fifth centuries Gregory Nazianzen and Synesius employed it in their hymns.

Of the genuine Anacreon we possess only a few fragments, but they are enough to show how serious a loss we have suffered. The addresses to Artemis and to Dionysus (pp. 163-4) belong to the golden age of Greek lyrical poetry. Their clear utterance and faultless rhythm are far removed from the shallow elegance of the *Anacreontea*. The fragment quoted by Athenæus, $\Omega\ \pi\alpha\iota\ \pi\alpha\rho\theta\acute{\epsilon}\nu\iota\omega\ \beta\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\pi\omega\nu$ (p. 165), has the haunting charm of Sappho's songs. And what could be daintier than the warning to the wayward Thracian damsel, $\Pi\hat{\omega}\lambda\epsilon\ \Theta\rho\eta\kappa\eta\ \tau\iota\ \delta\acute{\eta}\ \mu\epsilon$ (which Horace imitated in “Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe”)? Anacreon had also a turn for invective: his ridicule of Artemon, an effeminate upstart, is sufficiently bitter.

Anacreon was born in the sixth century B.C., at Teos, an Ionian city in Asia Minor. About 540, when Harpagus reduced Teos to slavery, he fled to Abdera, in Thrace. Polycrates invited him to Samos, and there he remained until the tyrant was murdered in 522. In Herodotus (iii. 121) there is a story of a herald who was sent by Orœtes to Samos. He was ushered in to the royal presence, and found Polycrates engaged with Anacreon. Whether to show his contempt for Orœtes, or out of carelessness, Polycrates lay with his face turned towards the wall while the herald was speaking, and when the speech

was over made no answer. Put case that it had been Lord Salisbury, Mr. Swinburne, and the Russian Ambassador! Maximus Tyrius would have us believe that the love-poems were a public benefit to Samos, in that they softened Polycrates' heart and induced him to treat his subjects with lenity. Plato (*Hipp.* 228 C.) is the authority for the statement that Hipparchus after the murder of Polycrates sent a fifty-oared galley to fetch the poet in state to Athens, where (as we learn from Pausanias i. 25) the citizens set up a statue in his honour at the Acropolis. According to Lucian (*De Macrob.* c. 26), he died at the age of eighty-five, the tradition being that he was choked by a grapestone. Simonides wrote two epitaphs upon him; and there are others by Antipater of Sidon,—one being the beautiful epigram Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σε κισσός, which was worthily rendered by Goethe.

The Alexandrine critics included Anacreon among the Nine Lyric Poets,—with Pindar, Bacchylides, Sappho, Simonides, Ibucus, Alcæus, Alcman, and Stesichorus. They divided his poems into five books. Among his commentators were Zenodotus of Ephesus, and Aristarchus; and we know from Athenæus (xii. 533) that Chamæleon of Pontus wrote a book about him.

How long the collection of genuine poems was

preserved in its integrity cannot be ascertained. Athenæus in the third century A.D. declared that Anacreon was in everybody's mouth, Πᾶσιν ἐστι διὰ στόματος (xii. 600). It is reasonable to suppose that he was not referring to spurious productions, for all the quotations scattered through the *Deipnosophistæ* are drawn from authentic sources. Maximus Tyrius seems to have been well acquainted with the genuine poems, though we need not pin our faith to his anecdotes about Anacreon. Gradually the facile *Anacreonta* superseded the older poems in popular favour. Scholars continued to cite the true Anacreon in illustration of some point of grammar or metre; and antiquaries consulted his pages for information on old manners and customs. Finally he shared the fate of Sappho; and now all that remains of the "boast of the Ionians" (Ἐγχος Ἰώνων, as he was styled by Antipater of Sidon) is a slender scroll of blurred fragments. The student will find these fragments annotated in Bergk's *Græci Lyrici Poetæ*.¹ I have been content to present merely the Greek text, without notes or translation. Had I discovered any good translations of the longer fragments I would gladly have included them; but they are not to be had. Mr. Robert Bridges could, an he would,

¹ They may also be read in Mr. George S. Farnell's useful and valuable *Greek Lyric Poetry*, 1891.

give us faultless renderings of the hymns to Artemis and Dionysus, but the task is not to be entrusted to inferior hands.

The truth is that I issued this little book solely from selfish motives. I am well aware that the *Anacreontea* are of slight value; but the first piece of Greek verse that I learned as a youngster was Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρεΐδας,¹ and I have never ceased to cherish—with a regard that I allow to be uncritical—these elegant trifles. They come to me laden with memories of Ronsard, “A. W.,” Herrick, Stanley, and Cowley. I wanted to read them once again, with the advantage of fair type and ample margin. So I sent them to press, indulging the hope that I might have time to annotate them amply. But I find that in these days a publisher has little leisure for research.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. J. R. Weguelin for his illustrations. He has shown that he is one of the very few artists who combine high technical excellence with pure classical refinement.

16, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON,
December, 1892.

¹ Henri Estienne arbitrarily, but tastefully, printed this piece as the first poem in his collection. I have mainly followed his arrangement of the poems; but in the List of First Lines the order adopted by Bergk (who follows the Palatine MS.).

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPICE.

							TO FACE PAGE
LOVE'S NIGHT WALK	7
ROSES	13
THE WISH	{ "Or a crystal spring wherein Thou mightst bathe thy purer skin" }					...	41
THE INVITATION	53
THE PICTURE	65
LOVE IMPRISONED	77
THE SPRING	95
THE BEE	103
ON A BASIN WHEREIN VENUS WAS ENGRAVED	...						123

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF THE ANACREONTEA.

(*The bracketed numbers give the order of the Odes as they are printed in BERGK'S Lyrici Græci Poetæ.*)

	PAGE
"Αγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε (15)	64
"Αγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε (2 B)	140
Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἐρωτα (19)	76
Ἄνα βάρβιτον δονήσω (58-59)	156
Ἄνακρέων ἰδών με (1)	144
Ἄρα τίς τόρευσε πόντον (55)	122
Ἄφες με, τοὺς θεούς σοι (8)	86
 Γράφε μοι Βάθυλλον οὕτω (16)	 70
Διὰ νυκτὸς ἐγκαθεύδων (35)	18
Δοκέει κλύειν γὰρ ἥδε (62)...	159
Δότε μοι, δότ', ὁ γυναικες (17-18)...	50
Δότε μοι λύρην Ὁμήρου (2)	142
 Ἐγὼ γέρων μέν εἰμι (45) ...	 96
Ἐδόκουν ὄναρ τροχάξειν (28)	112
Ἐὶ φύλλα πάντα δένδρων (13)	80

					PAGE
Ἐν ἴσχίοις μέν ὑπποι (26 B)	138
Ἐπειδὴ βροτὸς ἐτύχθην (38)	56
Ἐπὶ μυρσίναις τερείναις (30)	10
Ἐρασμίη πέλεια (14)	20
Ἐρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισιν (33)	102
Ἐρωτα κήρυνόν τις (10)	26
Ἡ γῆ μελαῖνα πίνει (21)	48
Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη (22)	40
Ἡδυμελὴς Ἀνακρέων (20)	148
Θέλω, θέλω φιλήσαι (12)	28
Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας (23)	2
Ἴδε πῶς ἔαρος φανέντος (44)	94
Ἴλαροὶ πίωμεν οἴνον (36)	104
Καλλιτέχνα τόρευσον (4)	44
Λέγοντες αἱ γυναικες (6)	34
Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέπτιξ (32)	110
Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις (31)	6
Μή με φύγης ὄρωσα (49)	84
Ο ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης (27 A)	114
Ο δραπέτας ὁ χρυσός (56)	152
Ο πλοῦτος εἴ γε χρυσοῦ (34)	54
Ο ταῦρος οὐτος, ὁ παῖ (52)	78
Ο τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῆ (54)	120
Οἱ μὲν καλὴν Κυθήρην (11)	32

					PAGE
" <i>Οταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ</i> (46)	60
" <i>Οταν πίω τὸν οἶνον</i> (43)	58
" <i>Οτ’ ἐγὼ νέων ὅμιλον</i> (51)	136
" <i>Οτ’ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον</i> (48)	98
<i>Oὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω</i> (7)	36
<i>Παρὰ τὴν σκιὴν, Βάθυλλε</i>	52
<i>Ποθέω μὲν Διονύσου</i> (40)	108
<i>Στεφανηφόρου μετ’ ἥρος</i> (53)	126
<i>Στεφάνους μὲν κροτάφοισιν</i> (41)	14
<i>Στέφος πλέκων ποθ’ εὑρον</i> (5)	146
<i>Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης</i> (26 A)	38
<i>Σὺ μὲν, φίλη χελιδῶν</i> (25)	88
<i>Τί καλόν ἔστι βαδίζειν</i> (39)	150
<i>Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις</i> (50)	92
<i>Τί με φεύγεις τὸν γέροντα</i> (61)	159
<i>Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω</i> (9)	30
<i>Τὸ ρόδον τὸ τῶν Ἐρώτων</i> (42)	12
<i>Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων</i> (3)	42
<i>Τὸν μελανόχρωτα βότρυν</i> (52)	132
<i>Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς ὁ Βάκχος</i> (47)	62
<i>Τακινθήη με ράβδῳ</i> (29)	16
<i>Φέρ’ ὕδωρ, φέρ’ οἶνον, ὡς παῖ</i> (60)	159
<i>Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν</i> (37)	118
<i>Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις</i> (24)	4
<i>Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι</i> (27 B, C)	116

ANACREON.

I.

ANACREONTEA.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ.

ΕΙΣ ΚΙΘΑΡΑΝ.

I.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρεΐδας,
θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ἄδειν ·
ά βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἤχει.
ἡμειψα νεῦρα πρώην
καὶ τὴν λύρην ἀπασαν,
κάγὼ μὲν ἥδον ἄθλους
Ἡρακλέους · λύρη δὲ
ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.
χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,
ἡρωες · ἡ λύρη γὰρ
μόνους ᔾρωτας ἄδει.

ANACREON.

The Lute.

I.

OF th' Atrides I would sing,
Or the wand'ring Theban king ;
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love ;
I new strung it, and to play
Herc'les' labours did essay ;
But my pains I fruitless found ;
Nothing it but love would sound :
Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

ΕΙΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑΣ.

II.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,
 ὅπλὰς δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,
 ποδωκίην λαγωῖς,
 λέουσι χάσμ' ὁδόντων,
 τοῖς ἵχθύσιν τὸ νηκτόν,
 τοῖς ὄρνέοις πέτασθαι,
 τοῖς ἀνδράσιν φρόνημα.
 γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔτ' εἰχεν.
 τί οὖν διδωσι; κάλλος
 ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν,
 ἀντ' ἐγχέων ἀπάντων.
 νικᾶ ὁδὲ καὶ σιδηρού
 καὶ πῦρ καλή τις οὖσα.

Beauty.

II.

HORNS to bulls wise Nature lends ;
Horses she with hoofs defends ;
Hares with nimble feet relieves ;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives ;
Fishes learns through streams to slide ;
Birds through yielding air to glide ;
Men with courage she supplies ;
But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armour is :
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

III.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,
 στρέφεθ' ἡνίκ' "Αρκτος ἥδη
 κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,
 μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα
 κέαται κόπω δαμέντα,
 τότ' "Ερως ἐπισταθείς μεν
 θυρέων ἕκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
 τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει;
 κατά μεν σχίζεις ὄνείρους.
 ὁ δ' "Ερως, ἄνοιγε, φησίν·
 βρέφος εἰμί, μὴ φόβησαι·
 βρέχομαι δὲ κάσέληνον
 κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.
 ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας·



Love's Night Walk.

III.

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner :
Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busy troubles rest ;
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light ;
Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
“Who's that,” said I, “that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep ?”
“Ope,” saith Love, “for pity hear ;
'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray.”
With compassion this I heard ;

ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνου ἄψας
 ἀνέωξα, καὶ βρέφος μὲν
 ἐσορῶ φέροντα τόξου
 πτέρυγάς τε καὶ φαρέτρην.
 παρὰ δ' ιστίην καθίσα,
 παλάμαις τε χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
 ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
 ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.
 ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκεν,
 φέρε, φησί, πειράσωμεν
 τόδε τόξον, εἴ τι μοι νῦν
 βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή.
 τανύει δὲ καὶ με τύπτει
 μέσον ἦπαρ, ὥσπερ οἰστρος.
 ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,
 ξένε, δ' εἴπε, συγχάρηθι.
 κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἡμῖν,
 σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

Light I struck, the door unbarr'd ;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears ;
Near the fire I made him stand,
With my own I chaf'd his hand,
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
“ Now,” saith he, “ 'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet.”
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart ;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
“ Come, my friend, with me be glad ;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.”

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

IV.

Ἐπὶ μυρσίναις τερείναις,
 ἐπὶ λωτίναις τε ποίαις
 στορέσας θέλω προπίνειν.
 ὁ δὲ Ἔρως χιτῶνα δῆσας
 ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρῳ
 μέθυ μοι διακονείτω.
 τροχὸς ἄρματος γὰρ οἴα
 βίοτος τρέχει κυλισθείς.
 ὀλίγη δὲ κεισόμεσθα
 κόνις ὀστέων λυθέντων.
 τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυρίζειν;
 τί δὲ γῆ χέειν μάταια;
 ἐμὲ μᾶλλον, ὡς ἔτι ζῶ,
 μύρισον, ρόδοις δὲ κρᾶτα
 πύκασον, κάλει δὲ ἔταιρην.
 πρὶν, Ἔρως, ἐκεῖ μὲν ἀπελθεῖν
 ὑπὸ νερτέρων χορείας,
 σκεδάσαι θέλω μερίμνας.

[*On Himself.*]

IV.

ON this verdant lotus laid,
Underneath the myrtle's shade,
Let us drink our sorrows dead,
Whilst Love plays the Ganimed.
Life like to a wheel runs round,
And ere long, we underground
(Ta'en by death asunder) must
Moulder in forgotten dust.

Why then graves should we bedew?
Why the ground with odours strew?
Better whilst alive, prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair.
Come, my fair one! come away;
All our cares behind us lay,
That these pleasures we may know,
Ere we come to those below.

ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ.

V.

Τὸ ρόδον τὸ τῶν Ἐρώτων
 μίξωμεν Διονύσῳ.
 τὸ ρόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον
 κροτάφοισιν ἀρμόσαντες,
 πίνωμεν ἀβρὰ γελῶντες.
 ρόδον, ὡς φέριστον ἄνθος,
 ρόδον εἴαρος μέλημα,
 [ρόδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά.]
 ρόδον ὡς παιᾶς ὁ Κυθήρης
 στέφεται καλοὺς ιούλους
 Χαρίτεσσι συγχορεύων.
 στέψον οὖν με, καὶ λυρίζων
 παρὰ σοῖς, Διόνυσε, σηκοῖς,
 μετὰ κούρης βαθυκόλπου
 ροδίνοισι στεφανίσκοις
 πεπυκασμένος χορεύσω.



Roses.

V.

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine ;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff !
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
For the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus' temple go :
There some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

VI.

Στεφάνους μὲν κροτάφοισιν
 ρόδίνους συναρμόσαντες,
 μεθύωμεν ἀβρὰ γελῶντες.
 ὑπὸ βαρβίτω δὲ κούρα
 κατακίσσοισι βρέμοντας
 πλοκάμοις φέρουσα θύρσους
 χλιδανόσφυρος χορεύει.
 ἀβροχαίτας δ' ἄμα κοῦρος
 στομάτων ἀδὲ πνεόντων
 προχέων λίγειαν ὄμφην
 κατὰ πηκτίδων ἀθύρει.
 ὁ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαίτας
 μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου
 [καὶ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης]
 τὸν ἐπήρατον γεραιοῖς
 κῶμον μέτεισι χαιρῶν.

Another.

VI.

Now with roses we are crown'd,
Let our mirth and cups go round,
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound,
Play'd on by some boy, whose choice
Skill is heighten'd by his voice ;
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the God of Wine,
Will flock hither, glad to see
Old men of their company.

ΑΛΛΟ ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

VII.

'Τακινθίνη με ράβδω
 χαλεπῶς "Ερως ράπιζων
 ἐκέλευε συντροχάζειν.
 διὰ δ' ὁξέων μ' ἀναύρων
 ξυλόχων τε καὶ φαράγγων
 τροχάοντα τεῖρεν ιδρώς.
 κραδίη δὲ ρινὸς ἄχρις
 ἀνέβαινε, κανὸν ἀπέσβην.
 οἱ δ' "Ερως μέτωπα σείων
 ἀπαλοῖς πτεροῖσιν εἴπεν.
 σὺ γὰρ οὐ δύνῃ φιλῆσαι.

The Chase.

VII.

WITH a whip of lilies, Love
 Swiftly me before him drove ;
 On we cours'd it, through deep floods,
 Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
 Till a snake* that lurking lay,
 Chanc'd to sting me by the way :
 Now my soul was nigh to death,
 Ebbing, flowing with my breath ;
 When Love, fanning with his wings,
 Back my fleeting spirit brings ;
 "Learn," saith he, "another day
 Love without constraint t' obey."

* Stanley read *πειρεν* *νόρος*.

ONAP.

VIII.

Διὰ νυκτὸς ἐγκαθεύδων
 ἀλιπορφύροις τάπησιν,
 γεγανωμένος Λυαίω
 ἐδόκουν ἄκροισι ταρσῶν
 δρόμον ὡκὺν ἐκταυνύειν
 μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρων.
 ἐπεκερτόμουν δὲ παιδες
 ἀπαλώτεροι Λυαίου,
 δακέθυμά μοι λέγοντες
 διὰ τὰς καλὰς ἐκείνας.
 ἐθέλοντά δὲ φιλῆσαι
 φύγον ἐξ ὕπνου με πάντες.
 μεμονωμένος δ' ὁ τλήμων
 πάλιν ἥθελον καθεύδειν.

The Dream.

VIII.

As on purple carpets I
Charm'd by wine in slumber lie,
With a troop of maids (resorted
There to play) methought I sported ;
Whose companions, lovely boys,
Interrupt me with rude noise ;
Yet I offer made to kiss them,
But o' th' sudden wake and miss them.
Vext to see them thus forsake me,
I to sleep again betake me.

ΕΙΣ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΕΡΑΝ.

IX.

Ἐρασμίῃ πέλεια,
 πόθεν πόθεν πέτασσαι;
 πόθεν μύρων τοσούτων
 ἐπ' ἥερος θέουσα
 πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;
 τίς εἰ; τί σοι μέλει δέ;
 Ἀνακρέων μ' ἔπειμψεν
 πρὸς παιδα, πρὸς Βάθυλλον,
 τὸν ἄρτι τῶν ἀπάντων
 κρατοῦντα καὶ τύραννον.
 πέπρακέ μ' ἡ Κυθήρη
 λαβοῦσα μικρὸν ὕμνον.

The Dove.

IX.

WHITHER flies my pretty dove?
Whither, nimble scout of Love?
From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with sweetness fill.
“Is’t to thee which way I’m bent?
By Anacreon I am sent
To Rhodantha, she who all
Hearts commands, Love’s general.
I to Venus did belong,
But she sold me for a song
To her poet; his I am,

ἐγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
 διακονῶ τοσαῦτα·
 καὶ νῦν, ὁρᾶς, ἐκείνου
 ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω.
 καὶ φησιν εὐθέως με
 ἐλευθέρην ποιήσειν.
 ἐγὼ δέ, κῆν ἀφῆ με,
 δούλη μενῶ παρ' αὐτῷ·
 τί γάρ με δεῖ πέτασθαι
 ὅρη τε καὶ κατ' ἀγρούς,
 καν δένδρεσιν καθίζειν
 φαγοῦσάν ἄγριόν τι;
 τανῦν ἔδω μὲν ἄρτον
 ἀφαρπάσασα χειρῶν
 Ἀνακρέοντος αὐτοῦ·

And from him this letter came,
For which he hath promis'd me
That ere long he'll set me free.
But though freedom I should gain,
I with him would still remain ;
For what profit were the change,
Fields from tree to tree to range,
And on hips and haws to feed,
When I may at home pick bread
From his hand, and freely sup

πιεῖν δέ μοι δίδωσιν
 τὸν οἶνον, ὃν προπίνει·
 πιοῦσα δ' ἀγχορείω,
 καὶ δεσπότην κρέκοντα
 πτεροῖσι συσκιάζω.
 κοιμωμένη δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθεύδω.
 ἔχεις ἄπαντ'· ἄπελθε·
 λαλιστέραν μ' ἔθηκας,
 ἄνθρωπε, καὶ κορώνης.

Purest wine from his own cup?
Hovering then with wings display'd,
I my master overshad'e;
And if night invite to rest,
In his harp I make my nest.

Now thou dost my errand know,
Friend, without more questions go;
For thy curiosi'ty
Makes me to outchat a pie."

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΚΗΡΙΝΟΝ.

X.

"Ερωτα κήρινόν τις
 νεηνίης ἐπώλει·
 ἐγὼ δέ οἱ παραστὰς,
 πόσου θέλεις, ἔφην, σοι
 τὸ τυχθὲν ἐκπρίωμαι;
 ὁ δ' εἶπε δωριάζων,
 λάβ' αὐτὸν ὅππόσου λῆσ·
 ὅπως δ' ἀν ἐκμάθης πᾶν,
 οὐκ εἰμὶ κηροτέχνης·
 ἀλλ' οὐ θέλω συνοικεῖν
 "Ερωτι παντορέκτα.
 δὸς οὖν, δὸς αὐτὸν ἡμῖν
 δραχμῆς, καλὸν σύνευνον.
 "Ερως, σὺ δ' εὐθέως με
 πύρωσον· εἰ δὲ μή, σὺ
 κατὰ φλογὸς τακήση.

Love in Wax.

X.

As Love's image, to be sold,
Wrought in wax I did behold,
To the man I went ; "What is,
Friend," said I, "the price of this?"
"Give me what you please," he said ;
"This belongs not to my trade,
And so dangerous a guest,
In my house I'm loth should rest."
"Give m' him for this piece," said I,
"And the boy with me shall lie."
But, Love, see thou now melt me,
Or I'll do as much for thee.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

XI.

Θέλω θέλω φιλῆσαι.

ἔπειθ' "Ερως φιλεῖν με,

έγω δ' ἔχων νόημα

ἄβουλον οὐκ ἐπείσθην.

οἱ δ' εὐθὺν τόξον ἄρας

καὶ χρυσέην φαρέτρην

μάχη με προύκαλεῖτο.

κάγω λαβῶν ἐπ' ὄμων

θώρηκ', ὅπως Ἀχιλλεύς,

καὶ δοῦρα καὶ βοείην

ἐμαρνάμην "Ερωτι.

ἔβαλλ', ἔγω δ' ἔφευγον.

ώς δ' οὐκ ἔτ' εἴχ' οἴστούς,

ἥσχαλλεν · εἴθ' ἐαυτὸν

ἀφῆκεν εἰς βέλεμνον,

The Combat.

XI.

Now will I a lover be ;
Love himself commanded me.
Full at first of stubborn pride,
To submit my soul denied ;
He his quiver takes and bow,
Bids defiance, forth I go,
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet ;
On he charges, I retreat :
Till perceiving in the fight
He had wasted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himself he shot,

μέσος δὲ καρδίης μεν
ἔδυνε, καὶ μὲν ἔλυσεν.
μάτην δὲ ἔχω βοείην·
τί γάρ βάλω μιν ἔξω,
μάχης ἔσω μὲν ἔχούσης;

ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

XII.

Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω,
τί σοι, λάλη χελιδών;
τὰ ταρσά σεν τὰ κοῦφα
θέλεις λαβὼν ψαλίξω;
ἢ μᾶλλον ἔνδοθέν σεν
τὴν γλῶσσαν, ως ὁ Τηρεὺς
ἐκεῖνος, ἐκθερίξω;
τί μεν καλῶν ὄνείρων
ὑπορθρίασι φωναῖς
ἀφήρπασας Βάθυλλον;

And my cold heart melts ; my shield
Useless, no defence could yield ;
For what boots an outward screen
When, alas, the fight's within !

The Swallow.

XII.

CHATTERING swallow ! what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee ?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out ?
Who Rhodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XIII.

Οι μὲν καλὴν Κυβῆβην
 τὸν ἡμίθηλυν "Αττιν
 ἐν οὐρεσιν βοῶντα
 λέγουσιν ἐκμανῆναι.
 οἱ δὲ Κλάρου παρ' ὄχθαις
 δαφνηφόροιο Φοίβου
 λάλον πιόντες ὕδωρ
 μεμηνότες βοῶσιν.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ Λυαίου
 καὶ τοῦ μύρου κορεσθεὶς
 καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ἐταιίρης
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.

[*Wine and Love.*]

XIII.

ATIS through deserted groves,
Cybele invoking roves ;
And like madness them befell
Who were drunk at Phœbus' well ;
But I willingly will prove
Both these furies, Wine and Love.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XIV.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναικεῖ·
 Ἀνακρέων, γέρων εἰ,
 λαβὼν ἔσοπτρον ἀθρει
 κόμας μὲν οὐκ ἔτ’ οὔσας,
 ψιλὸν δέ σεν μέτωπον.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς κόμας μέν,
 εἴτ’ εἰσίν, εἴτ’ ἀπῆλθον,
 οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦτο δ’ οἶδα,
 ως τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον
 πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ παιζειν
 ὅσῳ πέλας τὰ Μοίρης.

The Old Lover.

XIV.

By the women I am told
“ ‘Las ! Anacreon thou grow’st old,
Take thy glass and look else, there
Thou wilt see thy temples bare.’ ”
Whether I be bald or no,
That I know not, this I know,—
Pleasures, as less time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΦΘΟΝΩΣ ΖΗΝ.

XV.

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω,
 τοῦ Σαρδίων ἄνακτος.
 οὐδὲ εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος,
 οὐδὲ φθονῶ τυράννοις.
 ἐμοὶ μέλει μύροισιν
 καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην.
 ἐμοὶ μέλει ρόδοισιν
 καταστέφειν κάρηνα.
 τὸ σῆμερον μέλει μοι,
 τὸ δὲ αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;
 ὡς οὖν ἔτ' εὐδία στιν,
 καὶ πῖνε καὶ κύβευε,
 καὶ σπένδε τῷ Λυαίῳ,
 μὴ νοῦσος, ἦν τις ἔλθη,
 λέγη σε μὴ "τι πίνειν.

[Content.]

XV.

I NOT care for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh ;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold ;
All my care is to prepare
Fragrant unguents for my hair ;
All my care is where to get
Roses for a coronet ;
All my care is for to-day ;
What's to-morrow who can say ?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold ! th' hast drunk enough.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XVI.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,
 ὁ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν ἀυτάς·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς ἀλώσεις.
 οὐχὶ ἵππος ὥλεσέν με,
 οὐ πεζός, οὐχὶ νῆες·
 στρατὸς δὲ καινὸς ἄλλος
 ἀπ' ὁμμάτων με βάλλων.

The Captive.

XVI.

THOU of Thebes, of Troy sings he ;
I my own captivity :
'Twas no army, horse, or foot,
Nor a navy brought me to't,
But a stranger enemy
Shot me from my mistress' eye.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

XVII.

Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη
 λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὅχθαις,
 καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἔπτη
 Πανδίονος χελιδών.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον εἴην,
 ὅπως ἀεὶ βλέπης με·
 ἐγὼ χιτῶν γενοίμην,
 ὅπως ἀεὶ φορῆς με.
 ὕδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
 ὅπως σε χρῶτα λούσω·
 μύρον, γύναι, γενοίμην,
 ὅπως ἐγώ σ' ἀλείψω.
 καὶ ταινίη δὲ μαστῶν,
 καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλω,
 καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην·
 μόνον ποσὶν πάτει με.



The Wish.

XVII.

NIOBE on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,
And the Pandionian Maid
In a swallow's wings array'd ;
But a mirror I would be,
To be look'd on still by thee ;
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,
That I might thy limbs invest ;
Or a crystal spring, wherein
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin ;
Or sweet unguents, to anoint
And make supple every joint ;
Or a knot, thy breast to deck ;
Or a chain, to clasp thy neck ;
Or thy shoe I wish to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.

ΕΙΣ ΠΟΤΗΡΙΟΝ ΑΡΓΥΡΟΥΝ.

XVIII.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων
 Ἡφαιστέ μοι ποίησον
 πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί¹
 τί γὰρ μάχαισι κάμοι;
 ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον,
 ὅσον δύνη, βαθύνας.
 ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ
 μήτ' ἀστρα μήθ' ἄμαξαν,
 μὴ στυγνὸν Ὁρίωνα.
 τί Πλειάδων μέλει μοι;
 τί γὰρ καλοῦ Βοώτου;
 ποίησον ἀμπέλους μοι,
 καὶ βότρυας κατ' αὐτῶν,
 καὶ Μαινάδας τρυγώσας,

The Cup.

XVIII.

VULCAN come, thy hammer take,
And of burnish'd silver make
(Not a glittering armour, for
What have we to do with war?
But) a large deep bowl, and on it
I would have thee carve (no planet:
Pleiads, Wains, or Waggoners,
What have we to do with stars?

ποίει δὲ ληνὸν οἶνον
 ληνοβάτας πατοῦντας,
 τοὺς Σατύρους γελῶντας,
 καὶ χρυσοῦς τοὺς Ἔρωτας,
 καὶ Κυθέρην γελῶσαν,
 ὁμοῦ καλῷ Λυαίῳ
 Ἔρωτα κ' Ἀφροδίτην.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΥΤΟ.

XIX.

Καλλιτέχνα τόρευσον
 ἔαρος κύπελλον ἥμιν·
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἥδη τὰ τερπνὰ
 ρόδα φέρουσιν Ὑπεραῖ·
 ἀργύρεον δ' ἀπλώσας
 ποίει πότον μοι τερπνόν·

But to life exactly shape)
Clusters of the juicy grape ;
Whilst brisk Love their bleeding heads
Hand in hand with Bacchus treads.

Another.

XIX.

ALL thy skill if thou collect,
Make a cup as I direct :
Roses climbing o'er the brim,
Yet must seem in wine to swim ;

μὴ τελετῶν, παραινῶ,
 μὴ ξένου μοι τορεύσης,
 μὴ φευκτὸν ἴστόρημα·
 μᾶλλον ποίει Διὸς γόνου
 Βάκχον Εὐΐον ἡμῖν·
 μύστις νάματος ἡ Κύπρις
 ὑμεναιίους κροτοῦσα.
 χάρασσ' Ἔρωτας ἀνόπλους
 καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας
 ὥπ' ἄμπελου εὐπέταλου,
 εὐβότρυν, κομῶσαν·
 σύναπτε κούρους εὐπρεπεῖς·
 ἄμα δὴ Φοῖβος ἀθύροι.

Faces too there should be there,
None that frowns or wrinkles wear ;
But the sprightly Son of Jove,
With the beauteous Queen of Love ;
There, beneath a pleasant shade,
By a vine's wide branches made,
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,
Keep the Graces company ;
And the bright-hair'd god of day
With a youthful bevy play.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΔΕΙΝ ΠΙΝΕΙΝ.

XX.

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
 πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὖ γῆν.
 πίνει θάλασσ' ἀναύρους,
 ὁ δὲ ἥλιος θάλασσαν,
 τὸν δὲ ἥλιον σελήνη.
 τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἔταιροι,
 καῦτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;

[*The Need of Drinking.*]

XX.

FRUITFUL earth drinks up the rain ;
Trees from earth drink that again ;
The sea drinks the air,* the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink ?

* Stanley read *πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὖρας*.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XXI.

Δότε μοι, δότ', ω̄ γυναικες,
 Βρομίου πιεῖν ἀμυστί·
 ὑπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἥδη
 προδοθεὶς ἀναστενάζω.
 δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνου
 στεφάνους οἵοις πυκάζω
 τὰ μέτωπα μὴ πικαίειν
 τόδε καῦμα· τῶν δ' Ἐρώτων
 κραδίην, τίνι σκεπάζω;

[*On Himself.*]

XXI.

REACH me here that full crown'd cup,
And at once I'll drink it up ;
For my overcharged breast
Pants for drouth, with care opprest ;
Whilst a chaplet of cool roses
My distemper'd brow incloses ;
Love I'll drench in wine ; for these
Flames alone can his appease.

ΕΙΣ ΒΑΘΥΛΛΟΝ.

XXII.

Παρὰ τὴν σκιῆν, Βάθυλλε,
 κάθισον· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον·
 ἀπαλὰς δ' ἔσεισε χαίτας
 μαλακωτάτων κλαδίσκων.
 παρὰ δ' αὐτὸν ψιθυρίζει
 πηγὴ ρέουσα πειθοῦς·
 τίς ἀν οὖν ὁρῶν παρέλθοι
 καταγώγιον τοιοῦτο;



J. C. Leyendecker

The Invitation.

XXII.

COME, my fair, the heat t' evade,
Let us sit beneath this shade ;
See, the tree doth bow his head,
And his arms t' invite thee spread ;
Hark, the kind persuasive spring
Murmurs at thy tarrying :
Who molested by the sun
Would so sweet a refuge shun ?

ΕΙΣ ΦΙΛΑΡΓΥΡΟΝ.

XXIII.

Ο πλοῦτος εἴ γε χρυσοῦ
 τὸ ζῆν παρεῖχε θυητοῖς,
 ἐκαρτέρουν φυλάττων,
 οὐ, ἀν θανεῖν ἐπέλθη,
 λάβη τι καὶ παρέλθη.
 εἰ δὲ οὖν τὸ μὴ πρίασθαι
 τὸ ζῆν ἔνεστι θυητοῖς,
 τί χρυσὸς ὡφελεῖ με;
 θανεῖν γὰρ εἰ πέπρωται,
 τί καὶ μάτην στενάζω;
 τί καὶ γόους προπέμπω;
 ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πίνειν,
 πιόντι δὲ οἶνον ἥδὺν
 ἐμοῖς φίλοις συνεῖναι,
 ἐν δὲ ἀπαλαῖσι κοίταις
 τελεῖν τὰν Ἀφροδίταν.

[*Gold.*]

XXIII.

IF I thought that gold had power
To prolong my life one hour,
I should lay it up, to fee
Death, when come to summon me ;
But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought ?
Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end is avarice ?
Fill me then some wine ; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame,
For by Bacchus arm'd we'll aim
At Cythera's highest pleasure :
Wine and love's the only treasure.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XXIV.

Ἐπειδὴ βροτὸς ἐτύχθη
 βιότου τρίβον ὁδεύειν,
 χρόνου ἔγνων, ὃν παρῆλθον·
 ὃν δ' ἔχω δραμεῖν, οὐκ οἶδα.
 μέθετέ με φροντίδες·
 μηδέν μοι καὶ ὑμῖν ἔστω.
 πρὶν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τὸ τέλος,
 παιξω, γελάσω, χορεύσω
 μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.

[*On Himself.*]

XXIV.

I AM sprung of human seed,
For a life's short race decreed ;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown.
Busy thoughts do not disturb me ;
What have you to do to curb me ?
Come, some wine and music give :
Ere we die, 'tis fit we live.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XXV.

Ὁταν πίω τόν οἶνον,
 εῦδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.
 τί μοι γόων, τί μοι πόνων,
 τί μοι μέλει μεριμνῶν;
 θαυεῖν με δεῖ, καν μὴ θέλω.
 τί τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι;
 πίωμεν οὖν τὸν οἶνον,
 τὸν τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.
 σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς
 εῦδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.

[*On Himself.*]

XXV.

WHEN with wine my soul is arm'd,
All my grief and tears are charm'd ;
Life in toils why should we waste,
When we're sure to die at last ?
Drink we then, nor Bacchus spare :
Wine's the antidote of Care.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XXVI.

Ὁταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ,
 εῦδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι·
 δοκῶ δ' ἔχειν τὰ Κροίσου.
 θέλω καλῶς ἀείδειν,
 κισσοστεφῆς δὲ κεῖμαι,
 πατῶ δ' ἄπαντα θυμῷ.
 ὅπλιζ' ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω.
 φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ω̄ παι·
 μεθύοντα γάρ με κεῖσθαι
 πολὺ κρεῖσσον ἢ θανόντα.

[*On Himself.*]

XXVI.

WHEN my sense in wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep :
Rich in thought, I then despise
Crœsus, and his royalties ;
Whilst with ivy twines I wreath me
And sing all the world beneath me.
Others run to martial fights,
I to Bacchus's delights ;
Fill the cup then, boy, for I
Drunk than dead had rather lie.

ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

XXVII.

Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς ὁ Βάκχος,
 ὁ λυσίφρων ὁ Λυαῖος,
 ὅταν εἴς φρένας τὰς ἐμὰς
 εἰσέλθῃ μεθυδώτας,
 διδάσκει με χορεύειν.
 ἔχω δέ τι καὶ τερπνὸν
 ὁ τᾶς μέθας ἐραστάς·
 μετὰ κρότων, μετ' ὥδᾶς
 τέρπει με κ' Ἀφροδίτα,
 καὶ πάλιν θέλω χορεύειν.

[*To Dionysus.*]

XXVII.

JOVE-born Bacchus, when possest
(Care-exiling) of my breast,
In a sprightly saraband
Guides my foot and ready hand,
Which an even measure sets
'Twixt my voice and castanets ;
Tir'd we sit and kiss, and then
To our dancing fall again.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

XXVIII.

"Αγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε,
 'Ροδίης κοίρανε τέχνης,
 γράφε τὴν ἐμὴν ἔταιρην
 ἀπεοῦσαν, ως ἀν εἴπω.
 γράφε μοι τρίχας τὸ πρῶτον
 ἀπαλάς τε καὶ μελαίνας.
 ὁ δὲ κηρὸς ἀν δύνηται,
 γράφε καὶ μύρου πνεούσας.



The Picture.

XXVIII.

PAINTER, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;

γράφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς
 ὑπὸ πορφυραῖς χαίταις
 ἐλεφάντινου μέτωπου.
 τὸ μεσόφρουν δὲ μή μοι
 διάκοπτε, μήτε μίσγε.
 ἔχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,
 τὸ λεληθότως σύνοφρυ,
 βλεφάρων ἵτυν κελαινήν.
 τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς
 ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον,
 ἄμα γλαυκόν, ὡς Αθήνης,
 ἄμα δ' ὑγρόν, ὡς Κυθήρης.

Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow ;
Her dark eye-brows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight :
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet :

γράφε ρῖνα καὶ παρειάς,
 ρόδα τῷ γάλακτι μίξας.
 γράφε χεῖλος, οἷα Πειθοῦς,
 προκαλούμενον φίλημα.
 τρυφεροῦ δ' ἔσω γενείου
 περὶ λυγδίνω τραχήλω
 Χάριτες πέτοιντο πᾶσαι.
 στόλισον τὸ λοιπὸν αὐτὴν
 ὑποπορφύροισι πέπλοις·
 διαφαινέτω δὲ σαρκῶν
 ὀλίγου, τὸ σῶμ' ἐλέγχον.
 ἀπέχει· βλέπω γὰρ αὐτὴν.
 τάχα, κηρὲ, καὶ λαλήσεις.

Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek :
In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses ;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying ;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast ;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guess'd.
So, to life th' hast come so near,
All of her, but voice, is here.

ΕΙΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΒΑΘΥΛΛΟΝ.

XXIX.

Γράφε μοι Βάθυλλον οὗτω
 τὸν ἑταῖρον, ώς διδάσκω.
 λιπαρὰς κόμας ποίησον,
 τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν μελαίνας,
 τὰ δὲ ἐς ἄκρον ἥλιώσας.
 ἔλικας δὲ ἐλευθέρους μοι
 πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθεὶς
 ἄφες, ώς θέλωσι, κεῖσθαι.
 ἀπαλὸν δὲ καὶ δροσῶδες
 στεφέτω μέτωπον ὁφρὺς
 κυανωτέρη δρακόντων.
 μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω,
 κεκερασμένον γαλήνη,
 τὸ μὲν ἐξ Ἀρηος ἔλκον,
 τὸ δὲ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης,

Another.

XXIX.

DRAW my fair as I command,
Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.
Black her hair must be, yet bright,
Tipt, as with a golden light,
In loose curls thrown o'er her dress
With a graceful carelessness ;
On each side her forehead crown
With an arch of sable down ;
In her black and sprightly eye
Sweetness mix with majesty,

ἵνα τις τὸ μὲν φοβῆται,
 τὸ δὲ ἀπὸ ἐλπίδος κρεμᾶται·
 χνοῖην δὲ ὅποια μῆλον
 ῥοδέην ποίει παρειῆν·
 ἐρύθημα δὲ, ως ἀν Αἰδοῦς,
 δύνασαι γάρ, ἐμποίησον.
 τὸ δὲ χεῖλος οὐκέτ' οἶδα
 τίνι μοι τρόπῳ ποιήσεις·
 ἀπαλὸν γέμον τε Πειθοῦς.
 τὸ δὲ πᾶν ὁ κηρὸς αὐτὸς
 ἐχέτω λαλῶν σιωπῆ.
 μετὰ δὲ πρόσωπον ἔστω
 τὸν Ἀδώνιδος παρελθὼν
 ἐλεφάντινος τράχηλος.

That the soul of every lover
There 'twixt hope and fear may hover:
In her cheek a blushing red
Must by bashfulness be spread ;
Such her lips, as if from thence
Stole a silent eloquence :
Round her face, her forehead high,
Neck surpassing ivory ;

μεταμάζιον δὲ ποίει
 διδύμας τε χεῖρας Ἐρμοῦ,
 Πολυδεύκεος δὲ μηρούς,
 Διονυσίην δὲ νηδύν.
 ἀπαλῶν δ' ὑπερθε μηρῶν,
 μηρῶν τὸ πῦρ ἔχόντων,
 ἀφελῆ ποίησον αἰδῶ,
 Παφίην θέλουσαν ἥδη.
 φθονερὴν ἔχεις δὲ τέχνην,
 ὅτι μὴ τὰ νῶτα δεῖξαι
 δύνασαι· τὰ δ' ἦν ἀμείνω.
 τί με δεῖ πόδας διδάσκειν;
 λάβε μισθὸν ὄσσου εἴπης.
 τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα δὲ τοῦτον
 καθελῶν ποίει Βάθυλλον.
 ἦν δ' ἐς Σάμον ποτ' ἔλθης,
 γράφε Φοῖβον ἐκ Βαθύλλου.

But why all this care to make
Her description need we take?
Draw her with exactest art
After Venus in each part;
Or to Samos go, and there
Venus thou mayst draw by her.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

XXX.

Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα
 δῆσασαι στεφάνοισιν
 τῷ Κάλλει παρέδωκαν.
 καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθέρεια
 ζητεῖ, λύτρα φέρουσα,
 λύσασθαι τὸν Ἔρωτα.
 καν λύσῃ δέ τις αὐτόν,
 οὐκ ἔξεισι, μένει δέ·
 δουλεύειν δεδίδακται.



Love Imprisoned.

XXX.

LOVE, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought ;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner,
But he'd not be gone though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity.

ΕΙΣ ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ.

XXXI.

‘Ο ταῦρος οὗτος, ὡς παῖ,
 Ζεύς μοι δοκεῖ τις εἶναι.
 φέρει γὰρ ἀμφὶ νώτοις
 Σιδωνίαν γυναικα·
 περῷ δὲ πόντον εὐρύν,
 τέμνει δὲ κῦμα χηλαῖς.
 οὐκ ἀν δὲ ταῦρος ἄλλος
 ἐξ ἀγέλης ἐλασθείς
 ἐπλευσε τὴν θάλασσαν,
 εἰ μὴ μόνος ἐκεῖνος.

Europa.

XXXI.

THIS the figure is of Jove,
To a bull transform'd by Love,
On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was convey'd :
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide ;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o' th' herd e'er follow'd him.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΥ ΕΡΩΤΑΣ.

XXXII.

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δένδρων
 ἐπίστασαι κατειπεῖν,
 εἰ κύματ' οἵδας εύρειν
 τὰ τῆς ὄλης θαλάσσης,
 σὲ τῶν ἐμῶν ἐρώτων
 μόνον ποῶ λογιστήν.
 πρῶτον μὲν ἐξ Ἀθηνῶν
 ἐρωτας εἴκοσιν θέσι,
 καὶ πεντεκαΐδεκ' ἄλλους.
 ἐπειταὶ δὲ ἐκ Κορίνθου
 θέσι ὄρμαθοὺς ἐρώτων.
 Ἀχαιῆς γάρ ἐστιν,
 ὅπου καλαὶ γυναικες.
 τίθει δὲ Λεσβίους μοι

The Accompt.

XXXII.

IF thou dost the number know
Of the leaves on every bough,
If thou can'st the reckoning keep
Of the sands within the deep ;
Thee of all men will I take,
And my Love's accomptant make.
Of Athenians first a score
Set me down ; then fifteen more ;
Add a regiment to these
Of Corinthian mistresses,
For the most renown'd for fair
In Achæa sojourn there ;

καὶ μέχρι τῶν Ἰώνων
 καὶ Καρίης Ρόδου τε
 δισχιλίους ἔρωτας.
 Τί φῆς; ἀεὶ κηρῷ θές,
 οὕπω Σύρους ἔλεξα,
 οὕπω πόθους Κανώβου,
 οὐ τῆς ἄπαντ' ἔχούσης
 Κρήτης, ὅπου πόλεσσιν
 "Ερως ἐποργιάζει.
 τί σοι θέλεις ἀριθμῷ
 καὶ τοὺς Γαδείρων ἐκτός,
 τῶν Βακτρίων τε κ' Ἰνδῶν,
 ψυχῆς ἐμῆς ἔρωτας;

Next our Lesbian Beauties tell ;
Those that in Ionia dwell ;
Those of Rhodes and Caria count ;
To two thousand they amount.
Wonder'st thou I love so many ?
'Las of Syria we not any,
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,
Where his orgies Love doth hold.
What to those then wilt thou say
Which in eastern Bactria,
Or the western Gades remain ?
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain ;
For the sum which thou dost seek
Puzzles all arithmetic.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

XXXIII.

Μή με φύγης ὁρῶσα
 τὰν πολιὰν ἔθειραν·
 μηδὲ ὅτι σοὶ πάρεστιν
 ἄνθος ἀκμαῖον ἥβας,
 δῶρα τάμα διώσῃ.
 ὅρα καν στεφάνοισιν
 ὅπως πρέπει τὰ λευκά
 ρόδοις κρίνα πλακέντα.

[*The Old Lover.*]

XXXIII.

THOUGH my aged head be grey,
And thy youth more fresh than May,
Fly me not ; oh ! rather see
In this wreath how gracefully
Roses with pale lilies join :
Learn of them, so let us twine.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ ΜΕΜΕΘΥΣΜΕΝΟΝ.

XXXIV.

Ἀφες με, τοὺς θεούς σοι,
 πιεῖν πιειν ἀμυστί·
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.
 ἐμαίνετ' Ἀλκμέων τε
 χώ λευκόπους Ὁρέστης,
 τὰς μητέρας κταγόντες·
 ἐγὼ δὲ μηδένα κτάς,
 πιὼν δ' ἐρυθρὸν οἶνον
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.
 ἐμαίνεθ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὶν
 δεινὴν κλονῶν φαρέτρην
 καὶ τόξον Ἰφίτειον·
 ἐμαίνετο πρὶν Αἴας
 μετ' ἀσπίδος κραδαίνων
 τὴν Ἔκτορος μάχαιραν·

[*The Vain Advice.*]

XXXIV.

PRYTNEE trouble me no more;
I will drink, be mad, and roar:
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Mad, when they their mothers slew:
But I no man having kill'd
Am with hurtless fury fill'd.
Hercules with madness struck,
Bent his bow, his quiver shook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hector's sword, and grasp'd his shield:

ἐγὼ δὲ ἔχων κύπελλον
καὶ στέμμα τοῦτο χαίταις,
οὐ τόξον οὐ μάχαιραν,
θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.

ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

XXXV.

Σὺ μὲν, φίλη χελιδών,
ἐτησίη μολοῦσα
θέρει πλέκεις καλιήν·
χειμῶνι δὲ εἰς ἄφαντος
ἢ Νεῖλον ἢ πὶ Μέμφιν.
Ἐρως δὲ ἀεὶ πλέκει μεν
ἐν καρδίῃ καλιήν.

I nor spear nor target have,
But this cup (my weapon) wave :
Crown'd with roses, thus for more
Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar.

The Swallow.

XXXV.

GENTLE swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go ;
In the spring thy nest thou mak'st ;
In the winter it forsak'st,
And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile :
But Love in my suffering breast
Builds, and never quits his nest ;

Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτεροῦται,
 ὁ δ' ὡόν ἔστιν ἀκμῆν,
 ὁ δ' ἡμίλεπτος ἥδη.
 βοὴ δὲ γίνεται
 κεχηνότων νεοσσῶν.
 Ἐρωτιδεῖς δὲ μικρούς
 οἱ μείζονες τρέφουσιν.
 οἱ δὲ τραφέντες εὐθὺς
 πάλιν κύουσιν ἄλλους.
 τί μῆχος οὖν γένηται;
 οὐ γὰρ σθένω τοσούτους
 Ἐρωτας ἐκβοῆσαι.

First one Love's hatch'd ; when that flies,
In the shell another lies ;
Then a third is half expos'd ;
Then a whole brood is disclos'd,
Which for meat still peeping cry,
Whilst the others that can fly
Do their callow brethren feed,
And grown up, they young ones breed.
What then will become of me
Bound to pain incessantly,
Whilst so many Loves conspire
On my heart by turns to tire ?

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΝΕΤΩΣ ΖΗΝ.

XXXVI.

Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις
 καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας;
 τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων,
 τῶν μηδὲν ὡφελούντων;
 μᾶλλον διδασκε πίνειν
 ἀπαλὸν πῶμα Λυαίου·
 μᾶλλον διδασκε παιζειν
 μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
 πολιαὶ στέφουσι κάραν·
 βάλ’ ὕδωρ, δὸς οἶνον, ὡς παι,
 τὴν ψυχὴν μου κάρωσον.
 βραχὺ μὴ ζῶντα καλύπτεις·
 ὁ θανὼν οὐκ ἐπιθυμεῖ.

[Cheerful Living.]

XXXVI.

VEX no more thyself and me
With demure philosophy :
Hollow precepts, only fit
To amuse the busy wit ;
Teach me brisk Lyæus' rites ;
Teach me Venus' blithe delights ;
Jove loves water, give me wine ;
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have ;
There's no drinking in the grave.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

XXXVII.

Ἡδε πῶς ἔαρος φανέντος
 Χάριτες ρόδα βρύουσι·
 Ἡδε πῶς κῦμα θαλάσσης
 ἀπαλύνεται γαλήνῃ·
 Ἡδε πῶς νῆστα κολυμβᾶ·
 Ἡδε πῶς γέρανος ὁδεύει.
 ἀφελῶς δ' ἔλαμψε Τίταν·
 νεφελῶν σκιαὶ κλονοῦνται·
 τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἔλαμψεν ἔργα·
 [καρπῶσι γαῖα προκύπτει.]
 καρπὸς ἐλαίας προκύπτει.
 Βρομίου στέφεται νᾶμα·
 κατὰ φύλλον, κατὰ κλῶνα,
 θαλέθων ἥνθησε καρπός.



The Spring.

XXXVII.

SEE the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses ;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease ;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from's winter home again ;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away ;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen :
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth ;
Now the olive blooms : the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine ;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

XXXVIII.

Ἐγὼ γέρων μέν εἰμι,
 νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω·
 καν δεήσῃ με χορεύειν,
 Σειληνὸν* ἐν μέσοισιν
 μιμούμενος χορεύσω.
 σκῆπτρον ἔχω τὸν ἀσκόν·
 ὁ δὲ οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁ νάρθηξ.
 ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,
 παρέστω καὶ μαχέσθω.
 ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὡς παῖ,
 μελιχρὸν οἶνον ἥδὺν
 ἐγκεράσας φόρησον.
 Ἐγὼ γέρων μέν εἰμι
 [νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω].

* This line and the next stood at the end of the poem. The change was made by Lachmann.

[*On Himself.*]

XXXVIII.

OLD I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are out-drink ;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well-fill'd bottle shake :
He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight ;
Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood ;
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like Silenus, drink and play.

ΕΙΣ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ.

XXXIX.

Ὁτ’ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 τότ’ ἐμὸν ἥτορ ἰαυθέν

 τλιγαίνειν ἀρχεται Μούσας.
 ὅτ’ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 ἀπορίπτονται μέριμναι
 πολυφρόντιδές τε βουλαί
 ἐς ἀλικτύπους ἀήτας.
 ὅτ’ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 λυσιπαίγμων τότε Βάκχος
 πολυανθέσιν μὲν ἐν αὔραις
 δονέει μέθη γανώσας.

[*Frolic Wine.*]

XXXIX.

WHEN I ply the cheering bowl,
Brisk Lyæus through my soul
Straight such lively joy diffuses
That I sing, and bless the Muses ;
Full of wine I cast behind
All my sorrows to the wind ;
Full of wine my head I crown,
Roving loosely up and down ;

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 στεφάνους ἀνθεσι πλέξας,
 ἐπιθείς τε τῷ καρήνῳ,
 βιότου μέλπω γαλήνην.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 μύρῳ εὐώδει τέγξας
 δέμας, ἀγκάλαις δὲ κούρην
 κατέχων, Κύπριν ἀείδω.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 τὸν πόκυρτοῖς δὲ κυπέλλαις
 τὸν ἐμὸν νόον ἀπλώσας
 θιάσῳ τέρπομαι κούρων.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
 τοῦτό μοι μόνον τὸ κέρδος,
 ὃ τ' ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποίσω·
 τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μετὰ πάντων.

Full of wine I praise the life
Calmly ignorant of strife ;
Full of wine I court some fair,
And Cythera's worth declare ;
Full of wine my close thoughts I
To my jovial friends untie :
Wine makes age with new years sprout :
Wine denied, my life goes out.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

XL.

"Ερως ποτ' ἐν ρόδοισιν
 κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν
 οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη
 τὸν δάκτυλον· παταχθείστ
 τὰς χεῖρας ὠλόλυξεν·
 δραμὼν δὲ καὶ πετασθείσ
 πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,
 ὅλωλα, μᾶτερ, εἶπεν,
 ὅλωλα κάποθνήσκω·
 ὅφις μ' ἔτυψε μικρὸς
 πτερωτός, ὃν καλοῦσιν
 μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί.
 ἀ δ' εἶπεν· εἰ τὸ κέντρον
 πονεῖ τὸ τᾶς μελίττας,
 πόσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν,
 "Ερως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;



G. Doré

The Bee.

XL.

LOVE, a Bee that lurk'd among
Roses saw not, and was stung :
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And O help, cries he, I die ;
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countrymen a Bee :
At which Venus, If such smart
A Bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain ?

ΕΙΣ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ.

XLI.

'Ιλαροὶ πίωμεν οἶνον,
 ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον,
 τὸν ἐφευρετὰν χορείας,
 τὸν ὄλας ποθοῦντα μολπάς,
 τὸν ὄμότροφον Ἐρώτων,
 τὸν ἐρώμενον Κυθήρης.
 δι' ὃν ἡ μέθη λοχεύθη,
 δι' ὃν ἡ χάρις ἐτέχθη,
 δι' ὃν ἀμπαύεται λύπα,
 δι' ὃν εὐνάζετ' ἀνία.
 τὸ μὲν οὖν πῶμα κερασθέν
 ἀπαλοὶ φέρουσι παιδες.
 τὸ δ' ἄχος πέφευγε μιχθέν
 ἀνεμοτρόφω θυέλλη.

[Praise of Bacchus.]

XLI.

WHILST our joys with wine we raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.
Bacchus dancing did invent ;
Bacchus is on songs intent ;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
And his mother how to sport ;
Graceful confidence he lends ;
He oppressive trouble ends ;
To the bowl when we repair,
Grief doth vanish into air ;

τὸ μὲν ὅν πῶμα λάβωμεν,
 τὰς δὲ φροντίδας μεθῶμεν·
 τί γάρ ἔστι σοι τὸ κέρδος
 ὁδυνωμένῳ μερίμναις;
 πόθεν οἴδαμεν τὸ μέλλον;
 ὁ βίος βροτοῖς ἄδηλος·
 μεθύων θέλω χορεύειν,
 μεμυρισμένος δὲ παιζειν
 μετὰ καὶ καλῶν γυναικῶν·
 μελέτω δέ τοῖς θέλουσιν
 ὅσον ἔστιν ἐν μερίμναις.
 ἵλαροὶ πίωμεν οἴνον,
 ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον.

Drink we then, and drown all sorrow ;
All our care not knows the morrow ;
Life is dark, let 's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may ;
We our joys with wine will raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

XLII.

Ποθέω μὲν Διονύσου
 φιλοπαίγμονος χορείας·
 φιλέω δ', ὅταν ἐφήβου
 μετὰ συμπότου λυρίζω·
 στεφανίσκους δ' ὑακίνθων
 κροτάφοισιν ἀμφιπλέξας
 μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρειν
 φιλέω μάλιστα πάντων.
 [φθόνον οὐκ οἶδ' ἐμὸν ἥτορ.]
 φθόνον οὐκ οἶδα τὸ δαιϊκτόν·
 φιλολοιδόροιο γλώττης
 φεύγω βέλεμνα κωφά·
 στυγέω μάχας παροίνους.
 πολυκώμους κατὰ δαιτας
 νεοθηλέσιν ἄμα κούραις
 ὑπὸ βαρβίτω χορεύων
 βίον ἥσυχον φεροίμην.

[*Mirth.*]

XLII.

I DIVINE Lyæus prize,
Who with mirth and wit supplies :
Compass'd with a jovial quire,
I affect to touch the lyre :
But of all my greatest joy
Is with sprightly maids to toy :
My free heart no envy bears,
Nor another's envy fears ;
Proof against invective wrongs,
Brittle shafts of poisonous tongues.
Wine with quarrels sour'd I hate,
Or feasts season'd with debate :
But I love a harmless measure ;
Life to quiet hath no pleasure.

ΕΙΣ ΤΕΤΤΙΓΑ.

XLIII.

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,
 ὅτε δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων
 ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκώς
 βασιλεὺς ὅπως ἀείδεις·
 σὰ γάρ ἐστι κεῖνα πάντα,
 ὅπόσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς,
 ὅπόσα τρέφουσιν ἔλαι.
 σὺ δὲ φιλία γεωργῶν
 ἀπὸ μηδένας τι βλάπτων·
 σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσιν,
 θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης·
 φιλέοντι μέν σε Μοῦσαι,
 φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,
 λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην.

The Grasshopper.

XLIII.

GRASSHOPPER thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd,

τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὐ σε τείρει,
σοφέ, γηγενής, φίλυμνε·
ἀπαθῆς δ', ἀναιμόσαρκε,
σχεδὸν εἰ θεοῖς ὁμοιος.

ONAP.

XLIV.

Ἐδόκουν ὄναρ τροχάζειν
πτέρυγας φέρων ἐπ' ὥμων·
οἱ δὲ Ἔρως ἔχων μόλιβδον
περὶ τοῖς καλοῖς ποδίσκοις
ἐδίωκε καὶ κίχανεν.
τί δὲ ὄναρ θέλει τόδ' εῖναι;
δοκέω δὲ ἔγωγε πολλοῖς
ἐν Ἔρωσί με πλακέντα
διολισθάνειν μὲν ἄλλους,
ένὶ τῷδε συνδεθῆναι.

Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood ;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate !

The Dream.

XLIV.

As I late in slumber lay
Wing'd methought I ran away,
But Love (his feet clogg'd with lead)
As thus up and down I fled,
Following caught me instantly :
What may this strange dream imply ?
What but this ? that in my heart
Though a thousand Loves had part,
I shall now (their snares declin'd)
To this only be confin'd.

ΕΙΣ ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΕΡΩΤΟΣ ΒΕΛΗ.

XLV.

Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης
 παρὰ Λημνίαις καμίνοις
 τὰ βέλη τὰ τῶν Ἐρώτων
 ἐπόει λαβὼν σίδηρον.
 ἀκίδας δ' ἔβαπτε Κύπρις
 μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβοῦσα.
 ὁ δ' Ἐρως χολὴν ἔμισγεν.
 ὁ δ' Ἀρης ποτ' ἐξ ἀυτῆς
 στιβαρὸν δόρυ κραδαίνων
 βέλος ηύτελις Ἐρωτος.
 ὁ δ' Ἐρως, τόδ' ἐστίν, εἴπεν,
 βαρύ· πειράσας νοήσεις.
 ἔλαβεν βέλεμνον Ἀρης.
 ὑπεμειδίασε Κύπρις.
 ὁ δ' Ἀρης ἀναστενάξας,
 βαρύ, φησίν· ἄρον αὐτό.
 ὁ δ' Ἐρως, ἔχ' αὐτό, φησίν.

Love's Arrows.

XLV.

IN the Lemnian forge of late
Vulcan making arrows sate,
Whilst with honey their barb'd points
Venus, Love with gall anoints :
Armed Mars by chance comes there,
Brandishing a sturdy spear,
And in scorn the little shaft
Offering to take up, he laugh'd :
“This,” saith Love, “which thou dost slight,
Is not (if thou try it) light ;”
Up Mars takes it, Venus smil'd ;
But he (sighing) to the Child,
“Take it,” cries, “its weight I feel ;”
“Nay,” says Love, “e'en keep it still.”

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

XLVI.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι,
 χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι,
 χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.
 γένος οὐδὲν εἰς "Ερωτα·
 σοφίη, τρόπος πατεῖται·
 μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.
 ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
 ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.
 διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφός,
 διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες·
 πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν.
 τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ὀλλύμεσθα
 διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες.

Gold.

XLVI.

NOT to love a pain is deem'd,
And to love 's the same esteem'd :
But of all the greatest pain
Is to love unlov'd again.
Birth in love is now rejected,
Parts and arts are disrespected,
Only gold is look'd upon.
A curse take him that was won
First to doat upon it ; hence
Springs 'twixt brothers difference ;
This makes parents slighted ; this
War's dire cause and fuel is :
And what's worst, by this alone
Are we lovers overthrown.

ΕΙΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΑ.

XLVII.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν,
 φιλῶ νέον χορευτάν·
 ἀν δὲ γέρων χορεύη,
 τρίχας γέρων μέν ἔστιν,
 τὰς δὲ φρένας νεάζει.

[*Youthful Eld.*]

XLVII.

YOUNG men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold ;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see ;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs.

ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

XLVIII.

‘Ο τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῆ
 νέον, ἐν πότοις ἀταρβῆ,
 καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορευτῆν
 τελέων θεὸς κατῆλθεν,
 ἀπαλὸν βροτοῖσι φίλτρον
 πόθον ἄστονον κομίζων,
 γόνον ἀμπέλου, τὸν οἶνον
 πεπεδημένον γ' ὀπώραις
 ἐπὶ κλημάτων φυλάττων,
 ἵν, ὅταν τέμωσι βότρυν,
 ἄνοσοι μένωσι πάντες,
 ἄνοσοι δέμας θεητόν,
 ἄνοσοι γλυκύν τε θυμόν,
 ἐς ἔτους φανέντος ἄλλου.

[*Wine the Healer.*]

XLVIII.

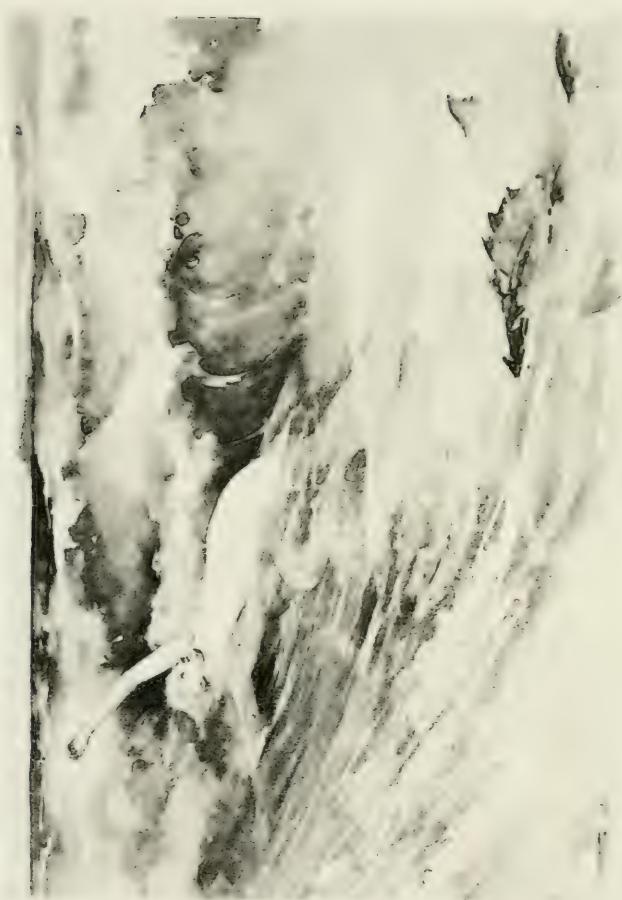
Who his cups* can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,
In his cups can nimbly dance,
Him Lyæus will advance:
Nectar of us mortals wine,
The glad offspring of the vine;
Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within
The plump grape's transparent skin,
In the body all diseases,
In the soul all grief appeases.

* Stanley read “ἐν πότοις.”

ΕΙΣ ΔΙΣΚΟΝ EXONTA ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗΝ.

XLIX.

"Αρα τίς τόρευσε πόντον,
 ἄρα τίς μανεῖσα τέχνα
 ἀνέχευε κῦμα δίσκω;
 ἐπὶ νῶτα τῆς θαλάττης
 ἄρα τίς χάραξε λευκὰν
 ἀπαλὰν ὑπερθε Κύπριν;
 νόος ἐς θεῶν ἀέρθη
 μακάρων φύσιος τάρχάν.
 ὅδε νεῖν ἔδειξε γυμνάν,
 ὅσα μὴ θέμις δ' ὄρασθαι,
 μόνα κύμασιν καλύπτει.
 ἀλαλημένη δ' ὑπ' ἀκτᾶ
 βρύον ὥς, ὑπερθε λευκὸν
 ἀπαλόχροον γαλήνας
 δέμας εἰς πλόον φέρουσα,
 ρόθιον πάροιθεν ἔλκει.



On a Basin wherein Venus was Engraved.

XLIX.

WHAT bold hand the sea engraves,
Whilst its undetermin'd waves
In a dish's narrow round
Art's more powerful rage doth bound ?
See, by some Promethean mind
Cytherea there design'd,
Mother of the deities,
Expos'd naked to our eyes
In all parts, save those alone
Modesty will not have shown,
Which for covering only have
The thin mantle of a wave :
On the surface of the main,
Which a smiling calm lays plain,
She, like frothy sedges, swims,
And displays her snowy limbs :

ρόδέων δ' ὑπερθε μαζῶν
 ἀπαλῆς ἔνερθε δειρῆς
 μέγα κῦμα πρῷρα τέμνει.
 μέσον αὐλακος δὲ Κύπρις
 κρίνον ὡς ἵοις ἐλιχθὲν
 διαφαίνεται γαλήνας.
 ὑπὲρ ἀργύρῳ δ' ὄχοῦνται
 ἐπὶ δελφῖσι χορευταῖς
 δολερὸν Πόθος μετώπῳ,
 "Ερος, "Ιμερος γελῶντες.
 χορὸς ἵχθυων τε κυρτὸς
 ἐπὶ κυμάτων κυβιστῶν
 Παφίης τὸ σῶμ' ὄπάζει,
 ἵνα νήχεται γελῶσα.

Whilst the foaming billow swells,
As her breast its force repels,
And her form striving to hide
Her doth by her neck divide,
Like a lily round beset
By the purple violet.
Loves, who dolphins do bestride,
O'er the silver surges ride,
And with many a wanton smile
Lovers of their hearts beguile ;
Whilst the people of the flood
To her side, like wantons, scud.

ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ.

L.

Στεφανηφόρου μετ' ἥρος
 μέλομαι ρόδου τέρεινον
 (ἀειδειν)
 σὺν δ', ἔταιρ', ὅεξε μέλπων.
 τόδε γὰρ θεῶν ἄημα,
 τόδε καὶ βροτῶν τὸ χάρμα,
 Χάρισίν τ' ἄγαλμ' ἐν ὥραις,
 πολυανθέων Ἐρώτων
 ἀφροδίσιόν τ' ἄθυρμα.
 τόδε καὶ μέλημα μύθοις,
 χαρίεν φυτόν τε Μουσῶν.
 γλυκὺ καὶ ποιοῦντα πεῖραν
 ἐν ἀκανθίναις ἀταρποῖς.

The Rose.

L.

WITH the flowery crowned spring
Now the vernal rose we sing ;
Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays
Mix with ours, to sound its praise :
Rose, the gods' and men's sweet flower ;
Rose, the Graces' paramour :
This of Muses the delight,
This is Venus' favourite ;
Sweet, when guarded by sharp thorns ;

γλυκὺ δ' αὖ λαβόντα θάλπειν
 μαλακᾶισι χερσὶ κούφαις
 προσάγειν τ' Ἔρωτος ἄνθος.
 Τί δὲ φῶ; τί δ' ἀν τὸ τερπνὸν
 θαλίαις τε καὶ τραπέζαις
 Διονυσίαις θ' ἑορταῖς
 δίχα τοῦ ρόδου γένοιτ' ἄν;
 ρόδοδάκτυλος μὲν Ἡώς,
 ρόδοπήχεες δὲ Νύμφαι,
 ρόδόχρους δὲ κ' Ἀφροδίτα
 παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν καλεῖται.
 τόδε καὶ νοσοῦσιν ἀρκεῖ,
 τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει,
 τόδε καὶ χρόνον βιᾶται.
 χαρίεν ρόδων δὲ γῆρας
 νεότητος ἔσχεν ὀδμήν.

Sweet, when it soft hands adorns ;
How at mirthful boards admir'd !
How at Bacchus' feasts desir'd !
Fair without it what is born ?
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn ;
Rosy-arm'd the nymphs we name ;
Rosy-cheek'd Love's queen proclaim :
This relief 'gainst sickness lends ;
This the very dead befriends ;
This Time's malice doth prevent,
Old retains its youthful scent.

φέρε δὴ, φύσιν λέγωμεν·
 χαροπῆς ὅτ' ἐκ θαλάσσης
 δεδροσωμένην Κυθήρην
 ἐλόχευσε πόντος ἀφρῷ,
 πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθήνην
 κορυφῆς ἔδειξεντ ὁ Ζεύς,
 φοβερὰν θέαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
 τότε καὶ ρόδων ἀγητὸν
 νέον ἔρνος ἤνθισε χθών,
 πολυδαιδαλον λόχευμα·
 μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὅμιλος,
 ρόδον ὡς γάνοιτο, νέκταρ
 ἐπιτέγξας ἀνέθηλεν
 ἀγέρωχον ἐξ ἀκάνθης
 φυτὸν ἀμβροτον Λυαίου.

When Cythera from the main,
Pallas sprung from Jove's crack'd brain,
Then the rose receiv'd its birth
From the youthful teeming earth ;
Every god was its protector,
Wat'ring it by turns with nectar,
Till from thorns it grew, and prov'd
Of Lyæus the belov'd.

ΕΠΙΛΗΝΙΟΣ ΥΜΝΟΣ.

LI.

Τὸν μελανόχρωτα βότρυν
 ταλάροις φέρουσιν ἄνδρες
 μετὰ παρθένων ἐπ' ὥμων,
 κατὰ ληγὸν δὲ βαλόντες,
 μόνον ἄρσενες πατοῦσιν
 σταφυλήν, λύοντες οἶνον,
 μέγα τὸν θεὸν κροτοῦντες
 ἐπιληγίοισιν ὕμνοις,
 ἐρατὸν πίθοις ὄρῶντες
 νέον ἐκζέοντα Βάκχον.
 ὃν ὅταν πίῃ γεραιός,
 τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορεύει,
 πολιάς τρίχας τινάσσων.

The Vintage.

LI.

MEN and maids at time of year
The ripe clusters jointly bear
To the press, but in when thrown,
They by men are trod alone,
Who in Bacchus' praises join,
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine:
Oh with what delight they spy
The new must when tunned work high!
Which if old men freely take,
Their grey heads and heels they shake;

ὁ δὲ παρθένον λοχήσας
 ἐρατὸς νέος ἐλυσθεὶς
 ἀπαλὸν δέμας χυθεῖσαν
 σκιερῶν ὑπερθε φύλλων,
 βεβαρημένην ἐς ὑπνον,
 ἐς ἔρωτ' ἄωρα θέλγει
 προδότιν γάμων γενέσθαι.
 ὁ δὲ μὴ λόγοισι πείθων
 τότε μὴ θέλουσαν ἄγχει.
 μετὰ γὰρ νέων ὁ Βάκχος
 μεθύων ἄτακτα παιζει.

And a young man, if he find
Some fair maid to sleep resign'd
In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her ;
Whilst Love slily stealing in
Tempts her to the pleasing sin :
Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air,
Her, who seemingly refrains,
He by pleasing force constrains ;
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,
Teaching young men insolence.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

LII.

Ὁτ᾽ ἐγὼ νέων ὄμιλον
 ἐσορῶ, πάρεστιν ἥβα·
 τότε δή, τότ᾽ ἐς χορείην
 ὁ γέρων ἐγὼ πτεροῦμαι.
 περιμαίνομαι, Κυβῆβα·
 παράδος· θέλω στέφεσθαι·
 πολιὸν δὲ γῆρας ἐκδὺς
 νέος ἐν νέοις χορεύσω,
 Διονυσίης δέ μοί τις
 φερέτω ρόαν ὀπώρης,
 οὐδὲν διῆρη γέροντος ἀλκὴν
 δεδαηκότος μὲν εἰπεῖν,
 δεδαηκότος δὲ πίνειν,
 χαριέντως δὲ μανῆναι.

[*On Himself.*]

LII.

WHEN I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they ;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly :
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me ;
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me :
Age be gone, we'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young :
Bring some wine, boy, fill about ;
You shall see the old man's stout ;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΡΩΝΤΑΣ.

LIII.

Ἐν ἰσχίοις μὲν ἵπποι
 πυρὸς χάραγμ' ἔχουσιν ·
 καὶ Παρθίους τις ἄνδρας
 ἐγνώρισεν τιάραις.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοὺς ἐρῶντας
 ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμ' εὐθύς ·
 ἔχουσι γάρ τι λεπτὸν
 ψυχῆς ἔσω χάραγμα.

[*Love's Mark.*]

LIII.

HORSES plainly are descry'd
By the mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
By the mitres on their head:
But from all men else a lover
I can easily discover,
For upon his easy breast
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

ΠΡΟΣ ΖΩΓΡΑΦΟΝ.

LIV.

Αγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε,
λυρικῆς ἄκουε μούσης.

φιλοπαίγμονες δὲ Βάκχαι
έτεροπνόους ἐναύλους

γράφε τὰς πόλεις τὸ πρῶτον
ἰλαράς τε καὶ γελώσας.
οἱ δὲ κηρὸς ἀν δύναιτο,
γράφε καὶ νόμους φιλούντων.

[Instructions to a Painter.]

LIV.

BEST of painters come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And Lyæus, whose shrill flute
Vies with her harmonious lute ;
Draw me a full city, where
Several shapes of mirth appear ;
And the laws of love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold.

ΑΛΛΟ ΩΔΑΡΙΟΝ.

LV.

Δότε μοι λύρην Ὄμηρου
 φουίης ἀνευθε χορδῆς·
 φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,
 φέρε μοι νόμους, κεράσσω,
 μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω,
 ὑπὸ σώφρονος δὲ λύσσης
 μετὰ βαρβίτων ἀείδων
 τὸ παροίνιον βοήσω.

[*Wine and Song.*]

LV.

BRING me hither Homer's lute,
 Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit ;
 Reach a full cup, that I may
 All the laws of wine obey,
 Drink, and dance, and to the lyre
 Sing what Bacchus shall inspire.

NOTE.

THE foregoing fifty-five pieces constitute the Odes of Anacreon in the *Editio Princeps* of Henricus Stephanus (Paris, 1554). The *Palatine MS.*, from which Stephanus drew (see *Introduction*), contains a few additional Anacreontic poems. Some of these were excluded by Stephanus ; others were printed separately in smaller type. Stanley did not include any of the additional pieces in his translation.

In the *Palatine MS.* the *Anacreontea* (*Ἀνακρέοντος Τριῶν συμποσιακὰ ἡμιάμβια*) open with the following poem, which Stephanus silently rejected (as being written about, not by,

Anacreon), but which he afterwards printed in his *Pindar*, 1560 (p. 406), under the heading “Incerti Autoris de Anacreonte.”

Ἀνακρέων ἴδων με
 ὁ Τήιος μελωδὸς
 ὅναρ λέγων προσεῖπεν·
 κάγῳ δραμῷν πρὸς αὐτὸν
 περιπλάκην φιλήσας.
 γέρων μὲν ἦν, καλὸς δέ,
 [καλός γε καὶ φίλοιος.]
 τὸ χεῖλος ὥζεν οἴνου,
 τρέμοντα δ' αὐτὸν ἥδη
 "Ερως ἔχειραγώγει.
 ὁ δ' ἔξελῶν καρήνου
 ἐμοὶ στέφος δίδωσιν·
 τὸ δ' ὥζ' Ἀνακρέοντος.
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ μωρὸς ἄρας
 ἐδησάμην μετώπῳ·
 καὶ δῆθεν ἄχρι καὶ νῦν
 ἔρωτος οὐ πέπαυμαι.

The Dream.

IN a dream unto me came
Anacreon, of Teian fame.
He accosted me, and I
Ran up to him lovingly,
And my arms about him threw.
Old he was, but fair to view,
Fair, a lover of the vine ;
His stain'd lip yet breath'd of wine.
Falteringly he seem'd to tread ;
(Love his trembling footsteps led ;)
Crowned was his brow, and he
Held the garland out to me.
Of Anacreon it breath'd :
Straight my forehead (fool !) I wreath'd ;
And from that time till to-day
I by love am plagued alway.

THE next poem, No. 6 in the Palatine MS., was rejected by Stephanus for the reason that it is found in the Planudean Anthology (lib. vii.) with the heading ἀπὸ Ἰουλιανοῦ (the Aldine edition, 1503, adding ἀπὸ ὑπάρχων Αἰγυπτίου). Julianus Aegyptius flourished in the sixth century, A.D. I append a translation from Robert Herrick's *Hesperides*.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ' εὔρον
 ἐν τοῖς ρόδοις "Ερωτα·
 καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχὼν
 ἐβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον·
 λαβὼν δὲ ἐπινον αὐτόν,
 καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου
 πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

Upon Cupid.

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found ;
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.

THE following piece, No. 20 in the Palatine MS., was excluded by Stephanus, as being about (not by) Anacreon.

‘Ηδυμελῆς Ἀνακρέων,
 ἥδυμελῆς δε Σαπφώ·
 Πινδαρικὸν τόδε μοι μέλος
 συγκεράσας τις ἐγχέοι.
 τὰ τρία ταῦτά μοι δοκεῖ
 καὶ Διόνυσος ἐλθῶν,
 καὶ Πάφιη λιπαρόχροος,
 καύτὸς Ἔρως ἀν ἐκπιεῖν.

The Bowl of Song.

SWEET the song Anacreon sings,
Sweet notes flow from Sappho's strings :
Pindar's strains, their sweets among,
Add, to crown the bowl of song.
Such a triple charm would sure
Dionysus' lips allure ;
Paphos' sleek-skinn'd queen would deign,
Or Love's self, the cup to drain.

THE next poem, No. 41 in the Palatine MS., was relegated by Stephanus to the Appendix.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ ΉΤΟΙ ΚΑΛΟΚΕΡΙΝ.

Τὶ καλόν ἔστι βαδίζειν,
 ὅπου λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,
 ὅπου λεπτὴν ἡδυτάτην
 ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὔρην,
 κλῆμα τὸ Βάκχειον ἰδεῖν,
 χύπὸ τὰ πέταλα δῦναι,
 ἀπαλὴν παιᾶνα κατέχων,
 Κύπριν ὅλην πνέουσαν.

Spring.

PLEASANT 'tis abroad to stray
Thro' the meadow deep in hay,
Where soft zephyrs, breathing low,
Odorous sweets around us throw ;
Pleasant, where the gadding vine
Weaves a safe shade, to recline
With some dainty girl whose breast
Cypris wholly hath possest.

THE next piece, No. 58, is more than usually corrupt. I have rendered part of it; but towards the end the text becomes hopeless.

ΕΙΣ ΧΡΥΣΟΝ.

‘Ο δραπέτας ὁ χρυσός,
 ὅταν φύγῃ με κραιπνοῖς
 διηνέμοις τε ταρσοῖς,
 ἀεὶ δ’, ἀεὶ με φεύγει·
 οὐ μιν διώκω· τίς γὰρ
 μισοῦν θέλει τι θηρᾶν;
 ἐγὼ δ’ ἄφαρ λιασθεὶς
 [τῷ δραπέτᾳ τῷ χρυσῷ]
 ἐμῶν φρενῶν μὲν αὔραις
 φέρειν ἔδωκα λύπας,
 λύρην δ’ ἐλῶν ἀειδῶ
 ἐρωτικὰς ἀοιδὰς.
 πάλιν δ’ ὅταν με θυμὸς
 ὑπερφρονεῖν διδάξῃ,
 ἄφνω προσεῖφ’ ὁ δραπέτας,
 φέρων μέθαντα μοι φροντίδων,

Runaway Gold.

WHEN with soft and viewless feet
Like the wind, and no less fleet,
Flies me, as he flies alway,
Gold, that arrant Runaway,
I pursue not: who is fain
To hunt home a hateful bane?
Free from Runaway Gold, my breast
Is of sorrow dispossess:
I, to all the winds that blow,
All my cares abroad may throw:
I may take my lyre and raise
Jocund songs in Cupid's praise.
When my wary sprite disdains
To be trapped by Runaway's trains,
Suddenly he hies unto me
And with trouble would undo me;

έλών μιν ως μεθήμων
 λύρης γένωμαι λάρου.†
 ἄπιστ' ἄπιστε χρυσέ,
 μάταν δόλοις με θέλγεις.
 χρυσοῦ πλέον τὰ νεῦρα
 πόθους κέκλυθι† ἄδει.†
 σὺ γὰρ δόλων, σύ τοι φθόνων
 ἔρωτ' ἔθηκας ἀνδράσιν.
 λύρη δ' ἄλυπα† παστάδων
 φιλαμάτων τε κεδνῶν
 πόθων κύπελλα κιρνᾶ.

· · · · · · ·
 ὅταν θέλῃς δέ, φεύγεις.
 λύρης δ' ἐμῆς ἀοιδὰν
 οὐκ ἀν λίποιμι τυτθόν.

† ξείνοισιν σὲ δ' ἀγχιμουσῶν
 † δολίοις ἀπίστοις ἀνδάνεις.
 ἐμοὶ δὲ τῷ λυροκτύπῃ
 μούσαις φρεσὶν ἀποίκους
 ἀχανδέας ὄρινεις
 † αἴγλαν τε λαμπρύνοις.

Hoping that himself I'll take
And my darling lyre forsake.
Faithless Gold, thy labour's naught ;
By thy snares I'll not be caught.
More delight than Gold doth bring
I can gain from my lute-string.
Thou men's hearts didst sow with guile,
And with envy them defile ;
But the lyre.

THE following piece, No. 60, concludes the *Anacreontea* in the Palatine MS. Bergk makes a separate poem of ll. 24-36 (ἄγε θυμέ, πή μέμηνας κ.τ.λ., on page 158), which seem to have little connection with the preceding lines. The thing is of little merit, whether it be one poem or two; and may well be left untranslated.

ΕΙΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΑ.

Ανὰ βάρβιτον δουῆσω·
 αἴθλος μὲν οὐ πρόκειται,
 μελέτη δ' ἐπεστι παντὶ
 σοφίης λαχόντ' ἄωτον.
 ἐλεφαντίνῳ δὲ πλήκτρῳ
 λιγυρὸν μέλος κροαίνων
 Φρυγίῳ ρύθμῳ βοήσω,

ἄτε τις κύκνος Καιῆστρου
 ποικίλον πτεροῖσι μέλπων
 ἀνέμου σύναυλος ἡχῇ·
 σὺ δέ, Μοῦσα, συγχόρευε·
 ιερὸν γάρ ἔστι Φοίβου
 κιθάρη δάφνη τρίπους τε.
 λαλέω δ' ἔρωτα Φοίβου
 ἀνεμώλιον τὸν ὁῖστρον·
 σαόφρων γάρ ἔστι κούρα·
 τὸ μὲν ἐκπέφευγε κέντρον,
 φύσεως δ' ἄμειψε μορφήν,
 φυτὸν εὐθαλὲς δ' ἐπήχθη·
 ὁ δὲ Φοῖβος ἥε, Φοῖβος
 κρατέειν κόρην νομίζων,
 χλοερὸν δρέπων δὲ φύλλον
 ἐδόκει τελεῖν Κυθήρην.

ἄγε θυμέ, πῆ μέμηνας
 μανίην μανεὶς ἀρίστην;
 τὸ βέλος, φέρε, κράτυνον,
 σκοπὸν ὡς βαλὼν ἀπέλθης.
 τὸ δὲ τόξον Ἀφροδίτης
 ἄφεις, ὡς θεοὺς ἐνίκα.
 τὸν Ἀνακρέοντα μιμοῦ,
 τὸν ἀοιδιμον μελιστήν.
 φιάλην πρόπινε παισίν,
 φιάλην λόγων ἐραυνήν.
 ἀπὸ νέκταρος ποτοῖο
 παραμύθιον λαβόντες,
 φλογερὸν φυγόντες ἄστρον
 • • • • • • • •

AMONG the *Anacreontea* Bergk includes the three following fragments:—

Φέρ' ὕδωρ, φέρ' οἶνον, ὥ παι,
 μέθυσόν με καὶ κάρωσον·
 τὸ ποτήριον λέγει μου,
 ποδαπόν με δεῖ γενέσθαι.

ORIGENES (HIPPOLYTUS) *adv. Haeret*, p. 107, ed.
 Miller (60 Bergk).

Tί με φεύγεις τὸν γέροντα;

SCHOL. Cod. Gud. EURIP. *Hec.* 1141 (61 Bergk).

Δοκέει κλύειν γὰρ ὕδε,
 λαλέειν τις εἰ θελήσει.

GREGOR. COR. p. 396 (62 Bergk).

ANACREON.

II.

GENUINE FRAGMENTS.

The genuine fragments of Anacreon are here arranged as in the fourth edition (1882) of Bergk's Poetæ Lyrici Græci; and Bergk's text has been generally followed.

I.

ΕΙΣ ΑΡΤΕΜΙΝ.

Γουνοῦμαι σ', ἐλαφηβόλε,
 ξανθὴ παῖ Διός, ἀγρίων
 δέσποιν' Ἀρτεμι θηρῶν·
 ἦ κου νῦν ἐπὶ Ληθαίου
 δίνησι θρασυκαρδίων
 ἀνδρῶν ἐσκατορᾶς πόλιν
 χαίρουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνημέρους
 ποιμαίνεις πολιήτας.

HEPHÆST. 125.

I.—l. 4, Others read ἵκου, and in l. 6, ἐγκαθόρα.

II.

ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

Ὁμαξ, ὡς δαμάλης Ἔρως
 καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες
 πορφυρέη τὸν Ἀφροδίτη
 συμπαιζουσιν. ἐπιστρέφεαι δὲ
 ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὁρέων,
 γουνοῦμαί σε. σὺ δὲ εὔμενής
 ἔλθε ἡμῖν, κεχαρισμένης δὲ
 εὐχωλῆς ἐπακούειν.
 Κλευβούλω δὲ ἀγαθὸς γενεῦ
 σύμβουλος. τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ ἔρωτ,
 ὡς Δεύνυσε, δέχεσθαι.

III.

Κλευβούλον μὲν ἔγωγ' ἐρῶ,
 Κλευβούλω δ' ἐπιμαίνομαι,
 Κλεύβοντον δὲ διοσκέω.

HEROD. περὶ σχημ. 57, 5.

III.—l. 3, διοσκέω, Bergk. (MSS. διὸς κνέων, and δὲ διόσκνέω.)

IV.

Ὄ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων,
 δίζημαί σε, σὺ δ' οὐ κοεῖς,
 οὐκ εἰδώς, ὅτι τῆς ἐμῆς
 ψυχῆς ἡνιοχεύεις.

ATHEN. xiii. 564, D.

IV.—l. 2, κοεῖς, Bergk (MSS. ἀτεῖς).

V.

Αλλ' ὡς τρὶς κεκορημένε
Σμερδίη.

EUST. *Od.* 1542, 47.

VI.

Μεὶς μὲν δὴ Ποσιδηῖων
ἔστηκεν, νεφέλας δ' ὕδωρ
βαρύνει, Δία τ' ἄγριοι
χειμῶνες κατάγουσιν.

SCHOL. *Il.* xv. 192; EUST. *Il.* 1012. 1.

VII.

Σὺ γὰρ ἡς ἔμοιγ[’]
ἀστεμφής.

SCHOL. *Il.* iii. 219.

VI.—*Il.* 2, 3. So Bergk, comparing Hor. *Epid.* xiii. 2, “Nivesque deducunt Jovem.” Schol. *Il.*, νεφέλη δ’ ὕδωρ βαρὺ δ’ ἄγριοι χειμῶνες κατάγουσιν. Eust., νεφέλαι δ’ ὕδατι βαρύνονται, ἄγριοι δὲ χειμῶνες παταγοῦσιν.

VIII.

Ἐγὼ δ' οὐτ' ἀν 'Αμαλθίης
βουλοίμην κέρας, οὐτ' ἔτεα
πεντήκοντά τε καὶ ἑκατὸν

Ταρτησσοῦ βασιλεῦσαι.

STRABO, iii. 151.

IX.

. . . Τί μήν πέτεαι
συρίγγων κοιλότερα
στήθεα χρισάμενος μύρῳ;

ATHEN. xv. 687 E.

X.

ο δ' ἵψηλὰ νενωμένος.

Et. M. 601, 20.

IX.—In l. 1, Bergk reads, *Tί λίην*, and in l. 2, *κοιλώτερα*.

XI.

Πολλὰ δ' ἐρίβρομον
Δεύνυσσον.

Et. M. 259, 28.

XII. A.

Οὐτ' ἐμὴν ἀπαλὴν κάσιν.

SCHOL. EUR. *Hec.* 361.

XII. B.

Λευκίππων ἔπι δίνεαι.

Et. Flor. Miller, Misc. 208.

XIII. A.

"Ἐρως παρθένιος πόθῳ
στίλβων καὶ γεγανωμένος.

PLUTARCH. *Erot.* c. 4.

XIII. A.—The passage of Plutarch runs thus: *O*ὐτως ἔρως
οἱ γνήσιοι δὲ παιδικός ἐστιν, οὐ πόθῳ στίλβων, ὡς ἐφη τὸν
παρθένιον Ἀνακρέων, οὐδὲ μύρων ἀνάπλεως καὶ γεγανωμένος,
ἀλλὰ λιτὸν αὐτὸν ὄψει καὶ ἄθρυπτον ἐν σχολαῖς φιλοσόφων.
We may extract three verses from this passage by reading
with Pomtow (*Poetæ Lyr. Graec. Min.* i. 301)—

"Ἐρως παρθένιος πόθῳ
στίλβων (αἰὲν) ἀνάπλεως
μύρων καὶ γεγανωμένος.

XIII. B.

Οὗτος δηύτε Θαλυσίοις
τίλλει τοὺς κυανασπίδας. [?]

Et. Flor. Miller, Misc. 266.

XIV.

Σφαιρη δηῦτέ με πορφυρέη
βάλλων χρυσοκόμης Ἔρως
νήνι ποικιλοσαμβάλω
συμπαίζειν προκαλεῖται.

ἡ δ', ἐστὶν γάρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου
Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,
λευκὴ γάρ, καταμέμφεται,
πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

ATHEN. xiii. 599 C.

XIV.—ποικιλοσαμβάλω in l. 3, is Seidler's happy correction
for ποικίλος λαμβάνω (or ποικίλους ἀμβάλω).

XV.

Οὐδ' εὐπέμπελός εἰμι,
οὐδ' ἀστοῖσι προσηνήσ.

CHRYSIPP. περὶ ἀποφατικῶν c. 22.

XVI.

Μυθῖται (δ') ἀνὰ νῆσον,
Μεγίστη, διέπουσιν
ἱρὸν ἀστυ (Νυμφέων.)

SCHOL. Od. xxi. 71.

XVII.

Ἡρίστησα μὲν ἵτρίου
λεπτοῦ μικρὸν ἀποκλάσ,
οῖνου δ' ἐξέπιον κάδον,
νῦν δ' ἀβρῶς ἐρόεσσαν
ψάλλω πηκτίδα τῇ φίλῃ
κωμάζων παϊδὶ ἀβρῆ.

HEPHEST. 59; ATHEN. xi. 472 E.

XV.—Bergk (who reads *Oὐ δηῦτ' ἔμπεδος*) suggested *Oὐδ'* *εὐπέμπελος* as a correction for *οὐ δεῦτε ἔμπεδος*.

XVIII.

Ψάλλω δ' εἴκοσι (Λυδίην)
 χορδῆσιν μαγάδην ἔχων,
 ὡς Λεύκασπι, σὺ δ' ἡβᾶς.

ATHEN. xiv. 634 C.

XIX.

Ἄρθεὶς δηῦτ' ἀπὸ Λευκάδος
 πέτρης ἐς πολιὸν κῦμα κολυμ-
 βω μεθύων ἔρωτι.

HEPHÆST. 130.

XX.

. . . τίς ἐρασμίην
 τρέψας θυμὸν ἐς ἡβην τερένων
 ἡμιόπων ὑπ' αὐλῶν
 ὁρχεῖται;

ATHEN. iv. 177 A.

XXI.

ΕΙΣ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΑ.

Ξανθῆ δέ γ' Εύρυπύλη μέλει
 ὁ περιφόρητος Ἀρτέμων.
 πρὶν μὲν ἔχων βερβέριον,
 καλύμματ' ἐσφηκωμένα,
 καὶ ξυλίνους ἀστραγάλους
 ἐν ὥσι, καὶ ψιλὸν περὶ¹
 πλευρῆσι (δέρμ' ἦει) βοός,
 υγρασίαν εἴλυμα κακῆς
 ἀσπίδος, ἀρτοπώλισιν
 κάθελοπόρνοισιν ὄμι-
 λέων ὁ πουηρὸς Ἀρτέμων,
 κίβδηλον εύρισκων βίον.

πολλὰ μὲν ἐν δουρὶ δεθεὶς
 αὐχένα, πολλὰ δ' ἐν τροχῷ,
 πολλὰ δὲ υῶτον σκυτίνη
 μάστιγι θωμιχθείς, κόμην
 πώγωνά τ' ἐκτετιλμένος.

νῦν δ' ἐπιβαίνει σατινέων,
 χρύσεα φορέων καθέρματα
 πάις Κύκης, καὶ σκιαδί-
 σκην ἐλεφαντίνην (ἀβραῖς)
 φορεῖ γυναιξὶν αὔτως.

ATHEN. xii. 533 E.

XXII.

Σίμαλον εἶδον ἐν χορῷ
 πηκτίδ' ἔχοντα καλήν.

HEPHAEST. 101.

XXIII.

Ἐκ ποταμοῦ πανέρχομαι
 πάντα φέρουσα λαμπρά.

HEPHAEST. 52.

XXIV.

Αναπέτομαι δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον πτερύγεσσι
κούφαις
διὰ τὸν Ἔρωτ'. οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ παῖς ἐθέλει
συνηβᾶν.

HEPHÆST. 52; SCHOL. AR. AV. 1372.

XXV.

..... ("Ερως), ὡς μὲν ἐσιδῶν γένειον
ὑποπόλιον χρυσοφαέννων πτερύγων ἀγταῖς
παραπέτεται.

LUCIAN. *Herc. Gall.* c. 8.

XXVI.

Χεῖρά τ' ἐν ἡγάνω βαλεῖν.

ATHEN. vi. 229 B.

XXV.—Restored by Bergk from the following passage of Lucian: "Ωστε ἵσχὺς μὲν καὶ τάχος καὶ κάλλος καὶ ὅσα σώματος ἀγαθὰ χαιρέτω, καὶ ὁ Ἔρως ὁ σὸς, ὁ Τήιε ποιητά, ἐσιδῶν μὲν ὑποπόλιον γένειον χρυσοφαέννων εἰ βούλεται πτερύγων ἡ ἀετοῖς παραπετέσθω.

XXVII.

”Ηλιε καλλιλαμπέτη.

PRISCIAN. vii. 7.

XXVIII.

’Ασπιδα ρίψας ποταμοῦ καλλιρόου παρ'
οχθας.

ATTIL. FORTUNAT. 359.

XXIX.

. . . ’Εγω δ' ἀπ' αὐτῆς φύγον ὥστε
κόκκυξ.

Et. Gud. 333, 22.

XXX.

Τὸν μυροποιὸν ἡρόμην Στράττιν εἰ
κομῆσει.

HEPHÆST. 96.

XXIX.—’Αὐτῆς is Schneidewin's correction of αὐτῆς. Bergk gives αὐτις. Nos. XXVIII. and XXIX. evidently belong to the same poem.

XXXI.

Δακρυόεσσάν τ' ἐφίλησεν αἰχμάν.

HEPHÆST. 52.

XXXII.

Ωινοχόει δ' ἀμφίπολος μελιχρὸν
οῖνον, τρικύαθον κελέβην ἔχουσα.

ATHEN. xi. 475 F.

XXXIII.

Οἰδ' ἀργυρέη κω τότ' ἐλαμπε Πειθώ.

SCHOL. PIND. *Isthm.* ii. 9.

XXXIV.

Εἴμι λαβὼν ἐς "Ηρης.

ATTIL. FORTUNAT. 359.

XXXIII.—'Ες "Ηρης, Bergk's doubtful emendation of εἰσάρας.

XXXV.

‘Ιπποθόρον δὲ Μυσοί
εὑρεῖν, μῆξιν ὄνων πρὸς ἵππους. [?]

SCHOL. *Il.* xxiv. 278.

XXXVI.

Αἰνοπαθῆ πατρῖδ' ἐπόψομαι.

SCHOL. *Od.* xii. 313.

XXXVII.

. . . Χήλιων ἄγγος . . .

ἔχον πυθμένας ἀγρίων σελίνων.

POLLUX, vii. 172.

XXXVIII.

Ασήμων ὑπὲρ ἐρμάτων φορεῦμαι.

HESYCH. v. "Ερμα.

XXXIX.

Πλεκτὰς δ' ὑποθυμίδας
περὶ στήθεσι λωτίνας ἔθεντο.

ATHEN. xv. 674 D.

XL.

Σὲ γάρ φη
Ταργήλιος ἐμμελέως
δισκεῖν.

APOLLON. *de Synt.* 238.

XLI.

Ο Μεγίστης δ' ο φιλόφρων δέκα δὴ
μῆνες, ἐπεί τε
στεφανοῦται τέ λύγω καὶ τρύγα πίνει
μελιηδέα.

ATHEN. xv. 671 E.

XLII.

Καθαρῆ δ' ἐν κελέβῃ πέντε (τε) καὶ
τρεῖς ἀναχείσθων.

ATHEN. x. 430 D.

XLIII.

Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμὶν ἥδη
κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν,
χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέθ' ἥβη
πάρα, γηράλεοι δ' ὀδόντες.

γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς
βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται·
διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω
θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς.

Ἄιδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς
μυχός, ἀργαλέη δ' ἐς αὐτὸν
κάθοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἐτοῖμον
καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.

STOB. *Floril. c. xviii. 13.*

XLIV.

Ἐραμαι (δέ) τοι συνηβᾶν·
χαριτεῦν ἔχεις γὰρ ἥθος.

MAX. TYR. xxiv. 9.

XLV.

Ἐμὲ γὰρ (νέοι) λόγων εἴ-
νεκα παιδες ἀν φιλοῖεν·
χαρίεντα μὲν γὰρ ἄδω,
χαρίεντα δ' οἶδα λέξαι.

MAX. TYR. xxiv. 9.

XLVI.

[Α]στραγάλαι δ' Ἔρωτός εἰσιν
μανίαι τε καὶ κύδοιμοι.

SCHOL. II. xxiii. 8.

XLVII.

ΠΡΟΣ ΣΜΕΡΔΙΗΝ.

Μεγάλω δηῦτέ μ' Ἔρως
ἔκοψεν ὥστε χαλκεὺς
πελέκει, χειμερίῃ
δ' ἔλουσεν ἐν χαράδρῃ.

HEPHÆST. 68.

XLVIII.

Ἄπέκειρας δ' ἀπαλῆς
κόμης ἄμωμον ἄνθος.

PHAVOR. *ap. STOB. Flor.* lvi. 6.

XLIX.

Θρηκίην σίουτα χαίτην.

Et. M. 714, 38.

L.

Ἄπό μοι θαυεῖν γένοιτ'
οὐ γὰρ ἀν ἄλλη
λύσις ἐκ πόνων γένοιτ'
οὐδαμὰ τῶνδε.

HEPHÆST. 69.

LI.

Ἄγανῶς οἴά τε νεβρὸν [νεοθηλέα]
γαλαθηνόν, ὅστ' ἐν ὕλῃς
κεροέσσης ἀπολειφθεὶς
ὑπὸ μητρὸς ἐπτοήθη.

ATHEN. ix. 396 D.

LII.

Σινάμωροι πολεμίζουσι θυρωρῷ.

Et. M. 713, 26.

LIII.

Σικελὸν κότταβον ἀγκίλῃ παιζων.

ATHEN. x. 427 D.

LIV.

Ἐπὶ δὲ φρύσιν σελίνων στεφανίσκους
θέμενοι θάλειαν ὁρτὴν ἀγάγωμεν
Διονύσω.

ATHEN. xv. 674 C.

LV.

Διονύσου σαῦλαι Βασσαρίδες.

HEPHÆST. 69.

LVI.

. . . οὐδ' αὖ μὲν ἐάσεις
μεθύοντ' οἴκαδ' ἀπελθεῖν;

SCHOL. AESCH. *Prom.* 128.

LVII.

Φίλη γάρ εἰς ξένοις, ἔα-
σον δέ με διψῶντα πιεῖν.

ATHEN. x. 433 F.

LVIII.

Ἄπο δ' ἐξείλετο θεσμὸν μέγαν.

APOLLON. SOPHIST. 87, 21.

LIX.

Ἐκδῆσα χιτῶνα δωριάζειν.

SCHOL. EURIP. *Hec.* 934.

LX.

... καὶ μὲν ἐπίβωτον
κατὰ γείτονας ποιήσεις.

AMMON. 42, *Valck.*

LXI.

Παρὰ δηῦτε Πυθόμανδρον
κατέδυν "Ερωτα φεύγων.

HEPHÆST. 70.

LXII.

Φέρ' ὕδωρ; φέρ' οἶνον, ὡς παῖ,
φέρε δ' ἀνθεμεῦντας ἥμιν
στεφάνους, ἔνεικον, ως δὴ
πρὸς "Ερωτα πυκταλίζω.

ATHEN. xi. 782 A.

LXIII.

"Αγε δή, φέρ' ἡμίν, ὡς παῖ,
 κελέβην, ὅκως ἄμυστιν
 προπίω, τὰ μὲν δέκ' ἐγχέας
 ὕδατος, τὰ πέντε δ' οἴνου
 κυάθους, ως ἀνυβριστὶ¹
 ἀνὰ δηῦτε βασσαρήσω.

* * *

"Αγε δηῦτε μηκέθ' οὔτω
 πατάγω τε κάλαλητῷ
 Σκυθικὴν πόσιν παρ' οἴνῳ
 μελετῶμεν, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς
 ὑποπίνουτες ἐν ὕμνοις
 (κλεῖσωμεν Διόνυσον).

ATHEN. x. 427 A.

LXIII.—The bracketed line at the end was added by Meineke.

LXIV

Χθόνιον δ' ἐμαυτὸν ἥρεν. [?]

SCHOL. HESIOD. *Theog.* 767.

LXV.

Τὸν "Ερωτα γὰρ τὸν ἀβρὸν
μέλομαι βρύοντα μίτραις
πολυναυθέμοις ἀείδειν·

οὐδὲ γὰρ θεῶν δυναστής,
οὐδὲ καὶ βροτοὺς δαμάζει.

CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* vi. 745.

LXVI.

Ἄλλὰ πρόπινε
ραδινούς, ὡς φίλε, μηρούς.

SCHOL. PIND. *Ol.* vii. 5.

LXVII.

Ἄδυμελές, χαρίεσσα χελιδοῖ.

HEPHÆST. 39.

LXV.—This poem ought, perhaps, to be placed among the *Anacreontea*.

LXVIII.

Μνᾶται δηῦτε φαλακρὸς Ἀλεξις.

HEPHÆST. 39.

LXIX.

Καλλίκομοι κοῦραι Διὸς ὥρχησαντ'
ἐλαφρῶς.

ATHEN. i. 21 A.

LXX.

Ὀρσόλοπος μὲν Ἀρης φιλέει μεναιχμαν.

HEPHÆST. 90.

LXXI.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἡμετέρειον οὔτε καλόν.

Et. M. 429, 50.

LXXII.

Νῦν δ' ἀπὸ μὲν στέφανος πόλεος ὅλωλεν.

SCHOL. PIND. *Ol.* viii. 42.

LXXII. B.

Αστερίς, οὐτε σ' ἐγὼ φιλέω οὔτ'

Απελλένης.

SCHOL. ΗΕΡΗΑΣΤ. p. 163 (ed. 2 *Gaisf.*).

LXXIII.

Βούλεται ἀπεροπός (*τις*) ἡμὶν εῖναι.

Et. M. 433, 44.

LXXIV.

..... ἐγὼ δὲ μισέω
πάντας, ὅσοι χθονίουστ ἔχουσι ρύθμους
καὶ χαλεπούς· μεμάθηκά σ', ὡς Μεγίστη,
τῶν ἀβακιζομένων.

Et. M. 2, 45.

LXXV.

Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δή με
 λοξὸν ὅμμασιν βλέπουσα
 νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκέεις δέ
 μ' οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν;

ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι
 τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,
 ἡνίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμι
 σ' ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμου.

νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκεαι
 κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παιζεις
 δεξιὸν γὰρ ἵπποσείρην
 οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.

LXXVI.

Κλῦθι μεν γέροντος εὐέ-
θειρα χρυσόπεπλε κούρα.

HEPHÆST. 36.

LXXVII.

Εὗτέ μοι λευκαὶ μελαίναις
ἀναμεμίξονται τρίχες.

JULIAN. *Misopog.* 366 B.

LXXVIII.

('Εν) μελαμφύλλω δάφνα χλω-
ρᾶ τ' ἐλαία τανταλίζει.

SCHOL. SOPH. *Antig.* 138.

LXXIX.

Κοίμισον δ', ὡς Ζεῦ, σόλοικον φθόγγον.

HEROD. *de Barbar.* 193 *post AMMON., Valck.*

LXXX.

Διὰ δέρην ἔκοψε μέσσην, καθ δὲ λῶπος
ἐσχίσθη.

SCHOL. *Il.* xvii. 542.

LXXXI.

Αἱ δέ μεν φρένες
ἐκκεκωφέαται.

Cram. Ann. Ox. i. 288, 3.

LXXXII.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων σκύπφον Ἐρξίωνι
τῷ λευκολόφῳ μεστὸν ἐξέπινον.

ATHEN. xi. 498 C.

LXXXII.—Bergk changes λευκολόφῳ to λευκολόφου.

LXXXIII.

Στεφάνους δ' ἀνὴρ τρεῖς ἕκαστος εἰχεν,
τοὺς μὲν ῥοδίνους, τὸν δὲ Ναυκρατίτην.

ATHEN. xv. 671 E.

LXXXIV.

"Εστε ξένοιστι μειλίχοις ἐοικότες,
στέγης (τε) μοῦνον καὶ πυρὸς κεχρημένοις.

PLUT. *adv. Stoic.* c. 20; HEPHÆST. 29.

LXXXV.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἥσαν ἄλκιμοι Μιλήσιοι.

ZENOB. v. 80.

LXXXVI.

Καὶ θάλαμος, ἐν τῷ κεῖνος οὐκ ἔγημεν.
ἄλλ' ἔγήματο.

AMMON. p. 37, *Valck.*

LXXXVII.

Κνίζῃ τις ἥδη καὶ πέπειρα γίνομαι
σὴν διὰ μαργοσύνην.

Et. M. 523, 4.

LXXXVIII.

Κού μοκλὸν ἐν θύρῃσι διξῆσιν βαλών
ἥσυχος καθεύδει.

ZONAR. 1512.

LXXXIX.

Ἐρῶ τε δηῦτε κούκ ἐρῶ
καὶ μαίνομαι κού μαίνομαι.

HEPHÆST. 29.

XC.

Μηδ' ὥστε κῦμα πόντιον
 λάλαζε, τῇ πολυκρότῃ
 σὺν Γαστροδώρῃ καταχύδην
 πίνουσα τὴν ἐπίστιον.

ATHEN. x. 446 F.

XCI.

Διὰ δηῦτε Καρικευργέος
 ὀχάνοιο χεῖρα τιθέμεναι.

STRABO. xiv. 661.

XCII.

Ο μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,
 πάρεστι γάρ, μαχέσθω.

HEPHÆST. 30.

XCII.—“Usus est his auctor carm. Pseudo-anacr. 45, v. 8 et 9.” Bergk. (See p. 96 of the present edition.) It is doubtful whether the fragment is genuine.

XCIII.

Ὥ οὐ ραννὲ δὴ λίγν,
πολλοῖσι γὰρ μέλεις.

PRISC. *de Metr. Terent.* 249, Lind.

XCIV.

ΕΛΕΓΕΙΑ.

Οὐ φιλέω, ὃς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέω
οἰνοποτάζων
νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει,
ἀλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ'
Ἄφροδίτης
συμμίσγων ἐρατῆς μυῆσκεται εὐφρο-
σύνης.

ATHEN. xi. 463 A.

XCIII.—Bergk's somewhat violent emendation of ὄραν
ἀεὶ μὴν πολλοῖσι κ. τ. λ.

XCV.

Οὐδέ τι τοι πρὸς θυμόν, ὅμως γε μένω
σ' ἀδοιάστως.

HEPHÆST. II.

XCVI.

Οὐκέτι Θρηϊκίης (πώλου) ἐπιστρέφομαι.

LONGIN. *de Sublim.* c. 31.

XCVII.

Οἶνοπότης δὲ πεποίημαι.

ATHEN. xi. 460 D.

XCVIII.

Δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

MACEDONIUS, *Anth. Pal.* x. 70.

XCVIII.—The epigram of Macedonius (who lived in the reign of Justinian) concludes:—

Τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρέοντος ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι φυλάσσω
Παρφασίην, ὅτι Δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

XCIX.

Αγχοῦ δ' Αἰγείδεω Θησέος ἐστὶ λύρη.

HYGIN. *Astron.* ii., 6.

C.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ.*

Αβδήρων προθανόντα τὸν αἰνοβίην
 Αγάθωνα
 πᾶσ' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊῆς ἥδ' ἐβόησε πόλις.
 οὕτινα γὰρ τοιόνδε νέων ὁ φιλαίματος
 Ἀρης
 ἥναρισεν στυγερῆς ἐν στροφάλιγγι
 μάχης.

* "Horum carminum satis incerta auctoritas; nam si segregaveris aperte novicia, velut 115, 116, et de quibus anceps est judicium, velut 113, etiam ea quae antiquitatis speciem præ se ferunt, pleraque a mystagogis incertam conjecturam facientibus Anacreonti adscripta sunt, vide ad 104. Itaque vel ubi temporis rationes non adversantur, anceps judicium. Leguntur pleraque continuo ordine in Anth. Pal. vi. 134-145, haud dubie ex Anacreontis carminum editionibus in eclogas epigrammatum translata, sed segreganda

C.I.

Καρτερὸς ἦν πολέμοις Τιμόκριτος, οὗ
τόδε σᾶμα.

"Αρης δ' οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ
κακῶν.

CII.

Οὗτος Φειδόλα ἵππος ἀπ' εὐρυχόροῳ
Κορίνθου

ἄγκειται Κρονίδᾳ, μνᾶμα ποδῶν ἀρετᾶς.

sunt duo novissima; nam 144 neque Anacreontis esse potest, cum ea aetate Academia fuerit locus incultus, ut jam a 1834 monui, et iteratur infra post vi. 213 inter Simonidis epigrammata, ultimum autem 145 ab Anacreonte pariter atque ab Simonide alienum. Turbatum hunc locum in archetypo fuisse indicat lacuna post 143 in codice et nota in marg. adscripta οὐ λείπει ὡς οἶμαι οὐδὲ ἐνταῦθα. Igitur post 143 inserta erant Simonidis epigrammata, e quibus unum germanum (144) superest cui adhaeret alienum (145). Exciderunt praepter Simonidis carmina fortasse unum vel alterum Anacreontis."—*Bergk.*

CIII.

Σάν τε χάριν, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἀγλαὸν ὅστε
κόσμου

Θεσσαλίας μ' ἀνέθηκ' ἀρχὸς Ἐχεκρα-
τίδας.

CIV.

Πρὶν μὲν Καλλιτέλης μ' ιδρύσατο·
τόνδε δ' ἐκείνου

ἔκγονοι ἔστασαν, τοῖς χάριν ἀντιδίδουν.

CV.

Πραξαγόρας τάδε δῶρα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκε,
Λυκαίου

νιός· ἐποίησεν δ' ἔργον Ἀναξαγόρας.

CVI.

Παιδὶ φιλοστεφάνῳ Σεμέλας ἀνέθηκε
Μέλανθος,
μνᾶμα χοροῦ νίκας νιὸς Ἀρηφίλου.

CVII.

Ῥυσαμένα Πίθωνα δυσαχέος ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἀσπὶς Ἀθηναίης ἐν τεμένει κρέμαται.

CVIII.

Ἡ τὸν θύρσὸν ἔχουσ’ Ἐλικωνιός, ἦ τε
παρ’ αὐτην
Ξανθίππη, Γλαύκη τ’ ἐνσχερώ
ἐρχομένη,
ἐξ ὄρεος χωρεῦσι, Διωνύσω δὲ φέρουσιν
κισσὸν καὶ σταφυλὴν πίονα καὶ χίμαρον.

CIX.

Πρηξιδίκη μὲν ἔρεξεν, ἐβούλευσεν δὲ
Δύσηρις
εἶμα τόδε· ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρων σοφίη.

CX.

Πρόφρων, Ἀργυρότοξε, διδού χάριν
Αἰσχύλου νιῶ
Ναυκράτει, εὐχωλὰς τάσδ' ὑπὸδεξάμενος.

CXI.

Εὔχεο Τιμώνακτι θεῶν κήρυκα γενέσθαι
ἢπιον, ὃς μὲν ἐρατοῖς ἀγλαῖην προθύροις
Ἐρμῆ τε κρείοντι καθέσσατο· τὸν δὲ
ἐθέλοντα
ἀστῶν καὶ ξείνων γυμνασίῳ δέχομαι.

CXII.

Τέλλιδι ίμερόεντα βίου πόρε, Μαιάδος
υἱέ,

ἀντ' ἐρατῶν δώρων τῶνδε χάριν
θέμενος.

δὸς δέ μιν εὐθυδίκων Εὐωνυμέων ἐνι
δήμῳ

ναίειν αἰῶνος μοῖραν ἔχοντ' ἀγαθήν.

CXIII.

Καὶ σέ, Κλεηνορίδη, πόθος ὥλεσε
πατρίδος αἴης

θαρσήσαντα Νότου λαίλαπι χειμερίη·
ώρη γάρ σε πέδησεν ἀνέγγυος· ὑγρὰ δὲ
τὴν σῆν

κύματ' ἀφ' ίμερτὴν ἔκλυσεν ἡλικίην.

CXIV.

Αλκίμων σ', ὥριστοκλείδη, πρῶτον
 οἰκτείρω φίλων,
 ὥλεσας δ' ἥβην, ἀμύνων πατρίδος
 δουληΐην.

CXV.

Βουκόλε τάν ἀγέλαν πόρρω νέμε, μὴ τὸ
 Μύρωνος
 Βοΐδιον ως ἔμπνουν βουσὶ συνεξελάσης.

CXVI.

Βοΐδιον οὐ χοάνοις τετυπωμένον, ἀλλ' ἵπὸ
 γῆρως
 χαλκωθέν, σφετέρη ψεύσατο χειρὶ¹
 Μύρων.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Pp. 2-9.—The first three Odes have been choicely rendered by “A. W.,” an unknown contributor to Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602 :—

I.

Of Atreus’ sons fain would I write ;
 And fain of Cadmus would I sing ;
 My lute is set on Love’s delight,
 And only Love sounds every string.

Of late my lute I altered quite,
 Both frets and strings for tunes above ;
 I sung of fierce Alcides’ might ;
 My lute would sound no tune but Love.
 Wherefore, ye worthies all, farewell ;
 No tune but Love my lute can tell.

II.

A comparison betwixt the strength of beasts, the wisdom of man, and the beauty of a woman's face.

The bull by nature hath his horns,
 The horse his hoofs, to daunt their foes ;
 The light-foot hare the hunter scorns ;
 The lion's teeth his strength disclose.

The fish, by swimming, 'scapes the weel ;
 The bird, by flight, the fowler's net ;
 With wisdom man is armed as steel ;
 Poor women none of these can get.

What have they then ?—fair Beauty's grace,
 A two-edged sword, a trusty shield ;
 No force resists a lovely face,
 Both fire and sword to Beauty yield.

III.

Of late, what time the bear turned round
 At midnight in her wonted way,
 And men of all sorts slept full sound,
 O'ercome with labour of the day :

The God of Love came to my door,
 And took the ring, and knocked it hard :
 "Who's there," quoth I, "that knocks so sore ?
 You break my sleep, my dreams are marred."

“A little boy, forsooth,” quoth he,
 “Dung-wet with rain this moonless night.”
 With that methought it pitied me :
 I oped the door, and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spied ;
 A winged boy with shafts and bow ;
 I took him to the fireside,
 And set him down to warm him so.

His little hands in mine I strain,
 To rub and warm them therewithal ;
 Out of his locks I crush the rain,
 From which the drops apace down fall.

At last, when he was waxen warm,
 “Now let me try my bow,” quoth he ;
 “I fear my string hath caught some harm,
 And wet, will prove too slack for me.”

He said ; and bent his bow, and shot ;
 And wightly hit me on the heart :
 The wound was sore ; and raging hot,
 The heat like fury reeks my smart.

“Mine host,” quoth he, “my string is well,”
 And laughed so that he leaped again :
 “Look to your wound for fear it swell,
 Your heart may hap to feel the pain.”

The third Ode has been frequently translated into English. Robert Greene's rendering in *Orpharion* (1589) is the earliest, and very good it is:—

Cupid abroad was lated in the night ;
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :
 Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
 To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;
 I oped the door, and granted his desire ;
 I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fire's flame,
 I spied his quiver hanging at his back :
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
 I would have gone for fear of further wrack ;
 But what I fear'd, did me, poor wretch, betide,
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start ;
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :
 His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart ;
 Away he flew, for now his wings were dry ;
 But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
 That sore I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

Herrick's version in *Hesperides* is headed "The Cheat of Cupid; or the Ungentle Guest" (Herrick, ed. Pollard, i. 30); Prior's is entitled "Cupid turned Stroller." Cowley turned the first two Odes, but not the third. Ronsard, Baif, Olivier de Magny, and La Fontaine imitated the third.

P. 10.—Cowley's paraphrastic rendering of the fourth Ode is delightful:—

Underneath this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit and Mirth and noble Fires,
 Vigorous Health and gay Desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:
 Since it equally does flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower,
 Nobler wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread
 Upon the monuments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses while I live;
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have:
 All are Stoicks in the grave.

It is better than Ronsard's translation ("Pour boire dessus l'herbe tendre"), or Leconte de Lisle's ("Sur le myrte frais et l'herbe des bois").

P. 12.—Ode v. was imitated by Ronsard,—

“Versons ces roses en ce vin,
En ce bon vin versons ces roses,” &c.

P. 20.—Cf. Ronsard, “D'où viens tu, douce,
colombelle?”

P. 28.—In Thomas Forde's *Love's Labyrinth*, 1660, there is a neat translation of the eleventh Ode. (It will be found in my anthology *Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists*, ed. 1891, p. 228.) Cowley also rendered it.

P. 30.—Ode xii. Cf. Ronsard, “Tay-toy, babillarde arondelle.”

P. 32.—Ode xiii. There is an early French translation by Antoine de Baif (*Quatre Livres de l'Amour*, 1555).

P. 34.—Ode xiv. doubtless suggested to Herrick the verses:—

Am I despised because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am grey? &c.

(Herrick, ed. Pollard, i. 75-6.)

Cowley's version runs thus :—

AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
 “Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old,
 Look how thy hairs are falling all ;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall !”
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By the effects I do not know :
 This I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live if I grow old ;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

Ronsard enlarged on the theme in the verses beginning “Quand je veux en amour prendre mes passe-temps.” Baif has a translation.

P. 36.—Cowley has a very free, and very attractive, rendering of Ode xv. :—

Fill the bowl with rosy wine !
 Around our temples roses twine ! &c.

The original is imitated from Archilochus, fr. 24 :—

Οὐ μοι τὰ Γύγεω τοῦ πολυχρύσον μέλει,
 οὐδὲ εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδὲ ἀγαίομαι
 Θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τυραννίδος.

Ronsard's poem—

Du grand Turc je n'ay soucy
 Ny du grand Tartare aussi, &c.—

was drawn partly from the present Ode and partly from the Ode on p. 42.

P. 40.—Ode xvii. was imitated in Ronsard's poem beginning “Plusieurs de leurs corps desnuez,” which has been deftly turned by my good friend W. J. Linton (*Poems and Translations*, 1889, p. 130). The song in Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter* (“It is the miller's daughter,” &c.) may have been remotely inspired by the present ode. In Dr. Barten Holyday's *Technogamia*, 1618, (a Shrove-tide play acted at Christ Church) there is the following translation :—

TO HIS LOVE.

Niobe, as they say, once stood,
 Turned to a stone, by Phrygian flood ;
 Pandion's daughter (so fame sings),
 Changed to a swallow, had swift wings :
 But I a looking-glass would be,
 Still to be looked upon by thee ;
 Or I, my Love, would be thy gown,
 By thee to be worn up and down ;
 Or a pure well full to the brims
 That I might wash thy purer limbs ;
 Or I'd be precious balm to 'noint
 With choicest care each choicest joint ;
 Or, if I might, I would be fain
 About thy neck thy happy chain ;
 Or would it were my blessed hap
 To be the lawn o'er thy fair pap ;
 Or would I were thy shoe, to be
 Daily but trod upon by thee.

Another (less happy) translation is by Soame Jenyns. There is a good rendering in Leconte de Lisle's *Poèmes Antiques*. Voltaire has a playful epigram on the famous Ode :—

Anacrèon, de qui le style
Est souvent assez familier,
Dit dans un certain Vaudeville,
Soit à Daphné, soit à Bathylle,
Qu'il voudrait être son *soulier*.
Je révère la Grèce antique,
Mais ce sentiment poétique
Paraît celui d'un cordonnier.

P. 42.—Ode xviii. was imitated by Rochester, in *The Cup* :—

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old ;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold, &c.

P. 48.—Ronsard rendered Ode xx. (“La terre les eaux va boivant”). Barten Holyday in *Technogamia*, 1618, gives the following version :—

The fruitful earth does drink the rain ;
Trees drink the fruitful earth again.
The sea does drink the liquid air ;
By the sun's beams the sea-waves are
Drunk up, which is no sooner done
But straight the moon drinks up the sun.
Why then, companions, do you think
I may not with like freedom drink ?

Cowley's paraphrase must be added :—

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again ;
 The plants suck in the earth and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair ;
 The sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup ;
 The busy sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and when 'has done
 The moon and stars drink up the sun :
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high !
 Fill all the glasses there ! for why
 Should every creature drink but I ?
 Why, man of morals ? tell me, why ?

Shelley's *Love's Philosophy* bears a distant resemblance to the present Ode.

P. 54.—Ode xxiii. was translated by Ronsard (“ Ha !
 si l'or pouvoit allonger,” &c.).

P. 76.—Ode xxx. inspired Ronsard's pleasant ode beginning—

Les Muses lièrent un jour
 De chaînes de roses l'Amour,
 Et, pour le garder, le donnèrent
 Aux Grâces et à la Beauté,
 Qui, voyant sa déloyauté,
 Sur Parnasse l'emprisonnèrent.

P. 78.—Ode xxxi. Cf. Moschus' Second Idyll;
 also Tennyson's *Palace of Art*:—

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd
 From off her shoulder backward borne :
 From one hand droop'd a crocus : one hand grasp'd
 The mild bull's golden horn.

P. 80.—Ode xxxii. Cf. Ronsard,

Si tu me peux conter les fleurs
 Du printemps, &c.

P. 84.—Ode xxxiii. was imitated by Herrick :—

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.

Fly me not though I be grey ;
 Lady, this I know you'll say :
 Better look the roses red
 When with white commingled.
 Black your hairs are, mine are white ;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite ;
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

In *Examen Miscellaneum*, 1702, I find the following version :—

Madam, tho' my hairs are grey,
 Sure you need not run away :
 You are blooming, fresh and fair
 As the budding roses are.
 Join the lily and the rose,
 Nothing more becoming shows :
 In the garlands that we wear
 'Tis the sweetest mixture there.
 Try, then, what in me and you
 Two such colours now can do.

Cf. Ronsard, “ Pourtant si j'ay le chef plus blanc.”

P. 88.—Ronsard, Baif, and Cowley rendered the Ode to the Swallow.

P. 98.—Cf. Herrick:—

Brisk, methinks, I am and fine
 When I drink my cap'ring wine:
 Then to love I do incline
 When I drink my wanton wine, &c.

P. 102.—Ode xl., Cupid stung by the Bee, has been frequently imitated. Probably it is itself founded upon some earlier poem. The spurious Nineteenth Idyll of Theocritus deals with this favourite conceit, which we frequently find represented on gems. (The reproduction on the cover of the present volume is from a gem, doubtless modern, that was once in the Poniatowski collection.) Spenser has a copy of verses appended to the *Amoretti*:—

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring
 All in his mother's lap,
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murmur'ring,
 About him flew by hap, &c.

In Thomas Bateson's *Second Book of Madrigals*, 1618, the little ode is charmingly turned:—

Cupid in a bed of roses
 Sleeping, chanced to be stung
 Of a bee that lay among
 The flowers where he himself reposes;
 And thus to his mother weeping
 Told that he this wound did take
 Of a little winged snake,

As he lay securely sleeping.

Cytherea smiling said

That If so great sorrow spring

From a silly bee's weak sting

As should make thee thus dismay'd,

What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,
Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain ?

Herrick's version, *The Wounded Cupid* ("Cupid as he lay among Roses, by a bee was stung," &c.) is well known. The rendering by Mathurin Regnier may be added :—

L'AMOUR PIQUÉ PAR UNE ABEILLE.

Le tendre Amour cueillant un jour des fleurs,
Fut, par hasard, piqué par une abeille
Cachée au fond d'une rose vermeille ;
Au même instant il s'en va tout en pleurs
Dire à Vénus : Ma mère, je me meurs ;
Je suis piqué d'une vipère ailée,
Qui dans ces lieux abeille est appelée :
Je n'en puis plus, je me meurs, je me meurs.
Si d'une abeille, ô mon fils, la piqûre,
Répond Vénus, vous fait tant de douleur,
Quelle douleur croyez-vous donc qu'endure
Un malheureux dont vous percez le cœur ?

Other renderings are by Ronsard, Baif, Olivier de Magny, and Leconte de Lisle (*Poèmes Antiques*).

P. 110.—Cowley's leisurely expansion of Ode xliii. must not be omitted, though many readers will have it by heart :—

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill :
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymed.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king ;
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he and landlord thou.
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy :
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee of all kings upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Leconte de Lisle's rendering (*Poèmes Antiques*) is very happy :—

O Cigale, née avec les beaux jours,
 Sur les verts rameaux dès l'aube posée,
 Contente de boire un peu de rosée,
 Et telle qu'un roi, tu chantes toujours !
 Innocente à tous, paisible et sans ruses,
 Le gai laboureur, du chêne abrité,
 T'écoute de loin annoncer l'été ;
 Apollôn t'honore autant que les Muses,
 Et Zeus t'a donné l'Immortalité !
 Salut, sage enfant de la Terre antique,
 Dont le chant invite à clore les yeux,
 Et qui, sous l'ardeur du soleil Attique,
 N'ayant chair ni sang, vis semblable aux Dieux !

Even happier is Goethe's :—

AN DIE CICADE.

Selig bist du, liebe kleine,
 Die du auf der Bäume Zweigen,
 Von geringem Trank begeistert,
 Singend, wie ein König lebest !
 Dir geböret eigen Alles,
 Was du auf den Feldern siehest,
 Alles, was die Stunden bringen ;
 Lebest unter Ackersleuten,
 Ihre Freundin, unbeschädigt
 Du den Sterblichen Verehrte
 Süsszen Frühlings süsszer Bote !
 Ja, dich lieben alle Musen,
 Phöbus selber musz dich lieben
 Gaben dir die Silberstimme,
 Dich ergreifet nie das Alter,
 Weise, zarte, Dichterfreundin,
 Ohne Fleisch und Blut Geborne,
 Leidenlose Erdentochter,
 Fast den Göttern zu vergleichen.

P. 144.—Imitated by Herrick in *The Vision* :—

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,
 A crawling vine about Anacreon's head.
 Flushed was his face, his hairs with oil did shine,
 And, as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine, &c.

P. 189.—I have not found a good English version of the charming poem Πᾶλε Θρῆκην, τὴ δὴ με (which Horace imitated in “Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe”), but Ronsard’s rendering may be given :—

Pourquoi comme une jeune poutre
De travers guignes-tu vers moy ?
Pourquoi, farouche, fuis-tu outre
Quand je veux approcher de toy ?

Tu ne veux souffrir qu’on te touche ;
Mais si je t’avois sous ma main,
Asseure toi que dans ta bouche
Bientost je t’aurois mis le frein.

Puis, te voltant à toute bride,
Soudain je t’aurois fait au cours,
Et, te piquant, serois ton guide
Dans la carriere des amours.

Mais par l’herbe tu ne fais ores
Que suivre des prez la fraicheur,
Pource que tu n’as point encores
Trouvé quelque bon chevaucheur.

Leconte de Lisle has a translation in *Poèmes Antiques*.

**University of Toronto
Library**

**DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET**

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

LGr
A532Bu
• Es

Anacreon
Anacreon: with Thomas Stanley's transla-
tion, edited by A.H. Bullen.

DATE

425229

